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MR. J.W. BISCHOFF & O. IS F. PRESBRY
— AND —
REV. J.E. RANKIN. DD

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GOSPEL BELLS.

A COLLECTION OF

J. H. Goodall

NEW AND POPULAR SONGS

FOR THE USE OF

SABBATH SCHOOLS AND GOSPEL MEETINGS.

BY

✓ ✓

PROF. J. W. BISCHOFF, OTIS F. PRESBREY

✓

AND

✓

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

CHICAGO.
THE WESTERN SUNDAY SCHOOL PUBLISHING Co.,
1880

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

The editors of *GOSPEL BELLS* have, for several years, been associated in conducting the service of song in one of the larger congregations in this country. This association has educated them to a better knowledge of the wants of God's people, and especially of God's little people, in the matter of hymns and music. And they take great pleasure in presenting this volume to the public, as at once a memorial of this kindly association, and in some true sense the ripe fruit of it. With greeting to the many old friends made for them, by previous labors in this direction, and to new friends, whom they modestly hope will be made by this collection, and with thanks to the many authors and composers who have so generously aided them in this work, they sign their names to this preface.

J. W. BISCHOFF,
O. F. PRESBREY,
J. E. RANKIN.

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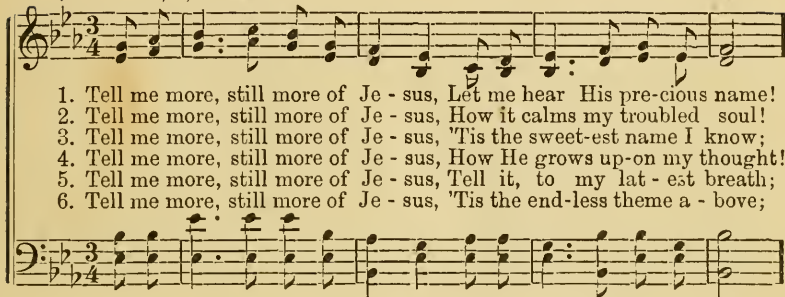
GOSPEL BELLS.

No. 1. Tell Me More, Still More of Jesus.

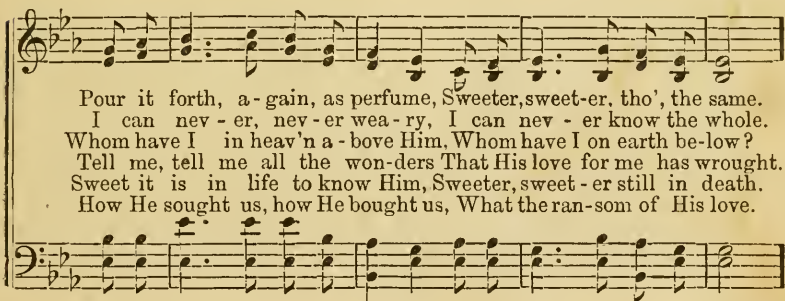
"Thy name is as ointment poured forth."—CANT. i. 3.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. *Moderato.*

KARL REDEN.



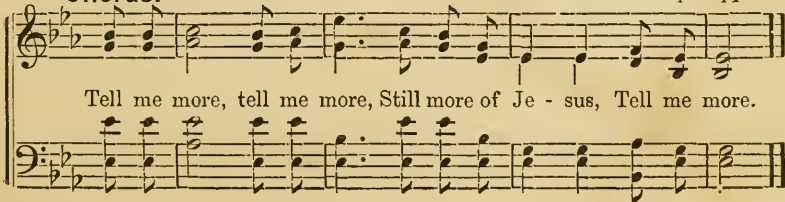
1. Tell me more, still more of Je - sus, Let me hear His pre-cious name!
2. Tell me more, still more of Je - sus, How it calms my troubled soul!
3. Tell me more, still more of Je - sus, 'Tis the sweet-est name I know;
4. Tell me more, still more of Je - sus, How He grows up-on my thought!
5. Tell me more, still more of Je - sus, Tell it, to my lat-est breath;
6. Tell me more, still more of Je - sus, 'Tis the end-less theme a - bove;



Pour it forth, a - gain, as perfume, Sweeter, sweet-er, tho', the same.
 I can nev - er, nev - er wea - ry, I can nev - er know the whole.
 Whom have I in heav'n a - bove Him, Whom have I on earth be-low?
 Tell me, tell me all the won-ders That His love for me has wrought.
 Sweet it is in life to know Him, Sweeter, sweet - er still in death.
 How He sought us, how He bought us, What the ran-som of His love.

Chorus.

Repeat pp.



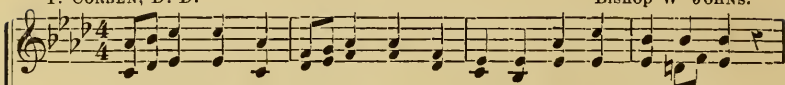
Tell me more, tell me more, Still more of Je - sus, Tell me more.

No. 2. Crown Him, Ye Children, Jesus is King.

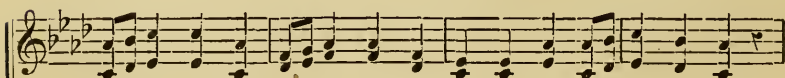
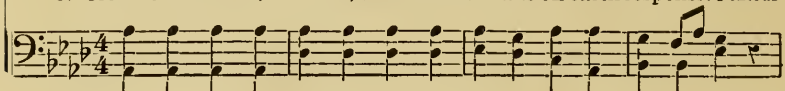
"And they sang a new song."—REV. v. 9.

T. CORBEN, D. D.

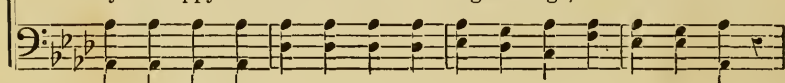
Bishop W. JOHNS.



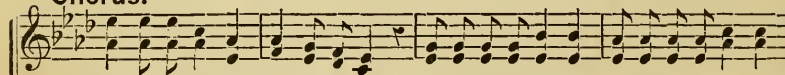
1. Crown the Saviour with your praises! Children tune your voices sweet,
2. All that dwell a-bove a-dore Him, Saints and angels robed in white;
3. Crown the Saviour, Children, crown Him! Wake on earth responsive chords



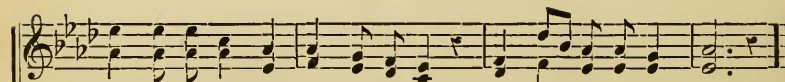
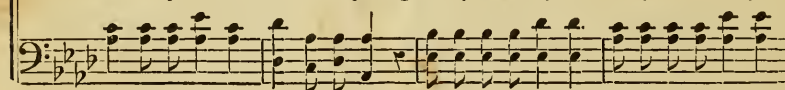
Till each heart its tribute rais-es, Waft-ed to the mer-cy - seat.
Sweetly rise their songs before Him, Songs which cease not, day or night.
In your happy hearts enthrone Him King of kings, and Lord of lords!



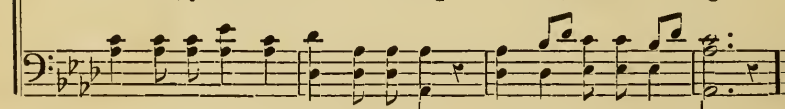
Chorus.



Crown Him, ye Children cheerfully sing, Glory hallelujah! Glory, halle-lu-jah!



Crown Him, ye Children! Jesus is King. Je - sus, Je-sus is King.

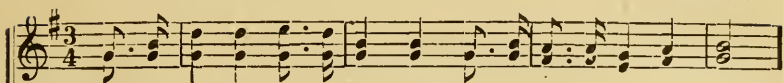


No. 3. Fling It Out, the Royal Banner.

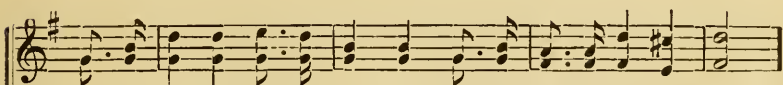
"In the name of our God, we will set up our banners." Ps. xx. 5.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

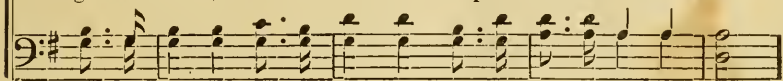
Rev. S. MORRISON.



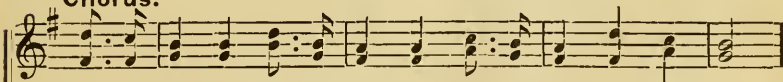
1. Fling it out, the roy - al ban - ner! Fling it out up-on the air;
2. Hear ye now the bu-gle call - ing? Lin-ger not, fall in - to line;
3. In Christ's name we break our fetters, His the standard of the free!



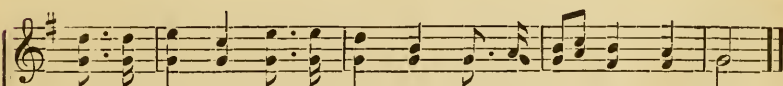
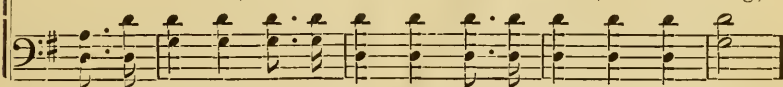
Let the wel-kin ring ho-san-na, All things yield to faith and prayer.
Sa-tan's ranks be-fore us fall-ing, Thro' a name that is di-vine.
Bought with blood, we no more debt-ors To past sin and shame can be.



Chorus.



Shout the cho-rus, God is o'er us! Tho' we're weak, He is strong;



'Neath His ban-ner sing ho-san-na! Christ, the theme of our song.



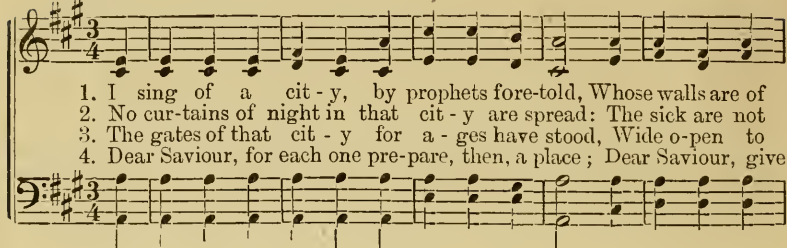
No. 4. My Heavenly Home.

"I go to prepare a place for you."—JOHN. xiv. 2.

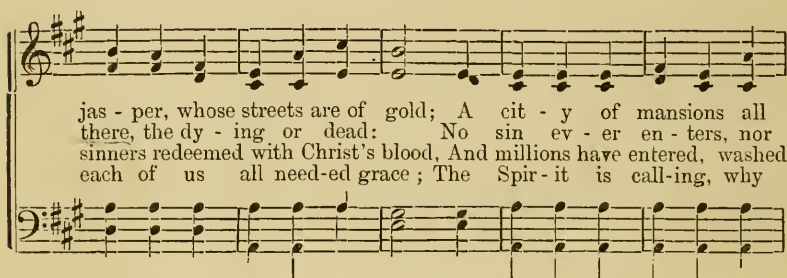
Words and Music by O. F. PRESBREY.

Arr. by J. W. BISCHOFF.

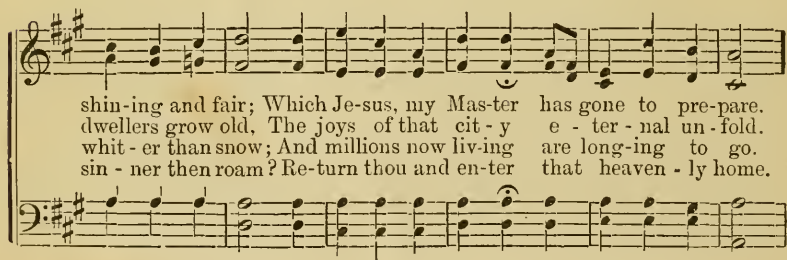
Cheerfully.



1. I sing of a cit - y, by prophets fore-told, Whose walls are of
 2. No cur-tains of night in that cit - y are spread: The sick are not
 3. The gates of that cit - y for a - ges have stood, Wide o - pen to
 4. Dear Saviour, for each one pre-pare, then, a place; Dear Saviour, give



jas - per, whose streets are of gold; A cit - y of mansions all
 there, the dy - ing or dead: No sin ev - er en - ters, nor
 sinners redeemed with Christ's blood, And millions have entered, washed
 each of us all need-ed grace; The Spir - it is call-ing, why



shin-ing and fair; Which Je-sus, my Mas-ter has gone to pre-pare.
 dwellers grow old, The joys of that cit - y e - ter - nal un-fold.
 whit - er than snow; And millions now liv-ing are long-ing to go.
 sin - ner then roam? Re-turn thou and en-ter that heav - en - ly home.

Chorus.



O beau - ti - ful cit - y, my heav - en - ly home! 'Tis Je - sus, its

My Heavenly Home--Concluded.

Build-er, in - vites me to come, There loved ones are sing-ing the

Musical notation for the first system of 'My Heavenly Home--Concluded.' in G major, 4/4 time. The treble staff has a melody with eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

songs of the blest, O beau-ti - ful cit - y, there, too, I shall rest.

Musical notation for the second system of 'My Heavenly Home--Concluded.' in G major, 4/4 time. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff continues the accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

No. 5. The Lord Will Provide.

"For He careth for you."—1 PET. v. 7.

Mrs. M. A. W. COOK.

E. S. LORENZ, by per.

1. In some way or oth-er, The Lord will provide; It may not be my way,
2. At some time or oth-er, The Lord will provide; It may not be my time,
3. Despond then no longer, The Lord will provide; And this be the to - ken,
4. March on, then, right boldly, The sea shall divide; The pathway made glorious

Musical notation for the first system of 'The Lord Will Provide.' in B-flat major, 2/4 time. The treble staff has a melody with eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

It may not be thy way, And yet in his own way, The Lord will provide.
It may not be thy time, And yet in his own time, The Lord will provide.
No word He hath spoken, Was ev-er yet broken, The Lord will provide.
With shoutings victorious, We'll join in the chorus, The Lord will provide.

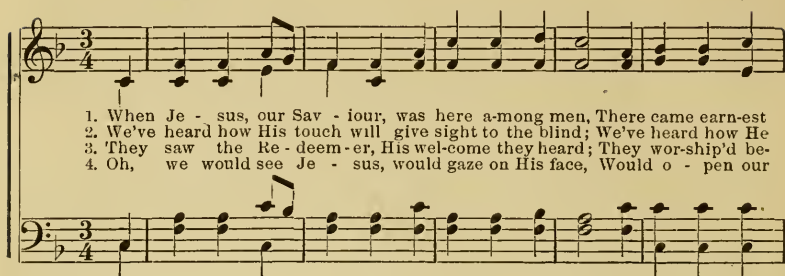
Musical notation for the second system of 'The Lord Will Provide.' in B-flat major, 2/4 time. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff continues the accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

No. 6. Sir, We Would See Jesus.

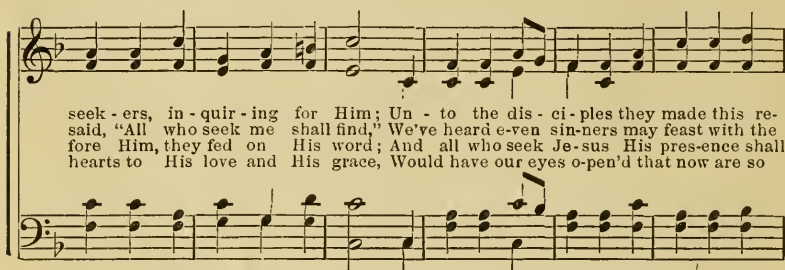
The same came therefore to Philip, which was of Bethsaida of Galilee, and desired him, saying, Sir, we would see Jesus.—JOHN, 12 : 21.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

A. S. P.

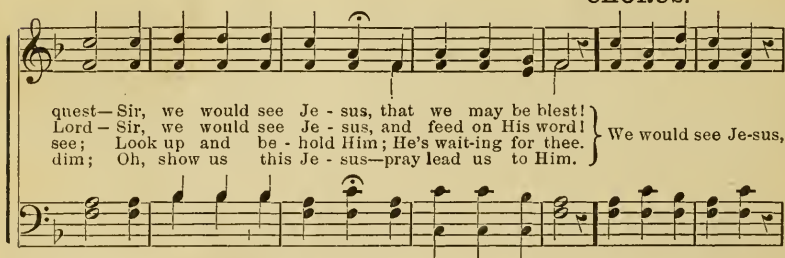


1. When Je - sus, our Sav - iour, was here a-mong men, There came earn-est
 2. We've heard how His touch will give sight to the blind; We've heard how He
 3. They saw the Re - deem - er, His wel-come they heard; They wor-ship'd be-
 4. Oh, we would see Je - sus, would gaze on His face, Would o - pen our

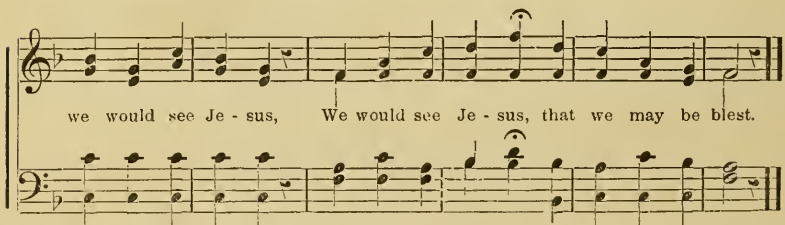


seek - ers, in - quir - ing for Him; Un - to the dis - ci - ples they made this re-
 said, "All who seek me shall find," We've heard e-ven sin-ners may feast with the
 fore Him, they fed on His word; And all who seek Je-sus His pres-ence shall
 hearts to His love and His grace, Would have our eyes o-pen'd that now are so

CHORUS.



quest—Sir, we would see Je - sus, that we may be blest!
 Lord—Sir, we would see Je - sus, and feed on His word!
 see; Look up and be - hold Him; He's wait-ing for thee. } We would see Je-sus,
 dim; Oh, show us this Je - sus—pray lead us to Him.



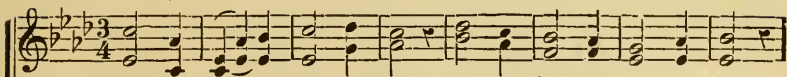
we would see Je - sus, We would see Je - sus, that we may be blest.

No. 7. 'Thou Know'st All Things, Is It I?

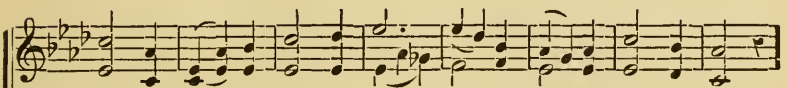
"And every one of them began to say unto Him, Lord, is it I?"—MATT. xxvi. 22.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

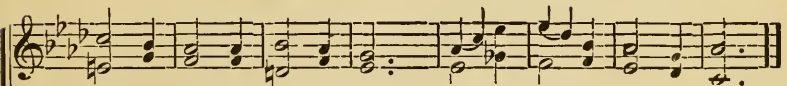
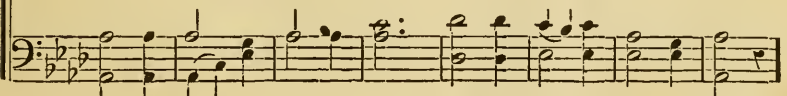
J. W. BISCHOFF.



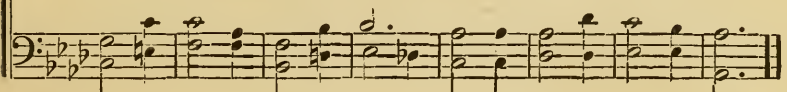
1. I am sit - ting at Thy board, Thou for me the wine hast poured;
2. Trembling-ly I hear Thee speak, For I know the flesh is weak;
3. Thou hast wash'd and made me white, Thou hast call'd me, child of light;
4. Yes, Thou know-est all my foes, All my weak-ness-es and woes.



On Thy bo - som leans my head; Still I hear the word Thou'st said,
Hard - ly dare I this to say: Could I, Mas - ter, Thee be - tray?
I to Thee, to Thee be - long: Could I do Thee this sad wrong?
Dost Thou not my steps up - hold, Hide me, shield me in Thy fold?



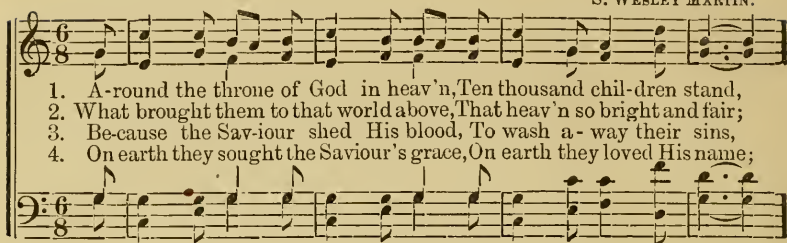
Heaves my breast with se - cret sigh, Thou know'st all things, Is it I?
Hard - ly dare I meet Thine eye, Thou know'st all things, Is it I?
Yet, I make but this re - ply, Thou know'st all things, Is it I?
Art Thou not in dan - ger, nigh? Thou know'st all things, Is it I?



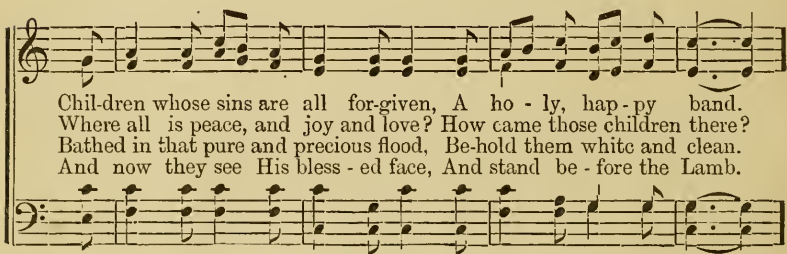
No. 8. Unto The Lamb.

"And they sung the song of Moses and the song of the Lamb."—REV. xv. 3.

S. WESLEY MARTIN.

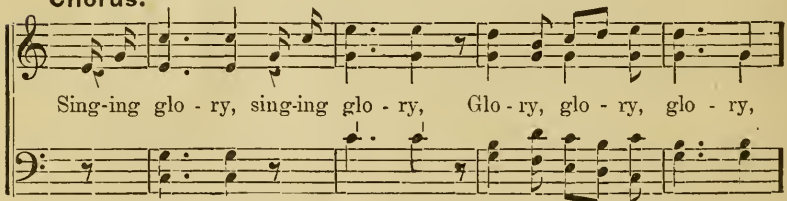


1. A-round the throne of God in heav'n, Ten thousand chil-dren stand,
 2. What brought them to that world above, That heav'n so bright and fair;
 3. Be-cause the Sav-iour shed His blood, To wash a-way their sins,
 4. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace, On earth they loved His name;

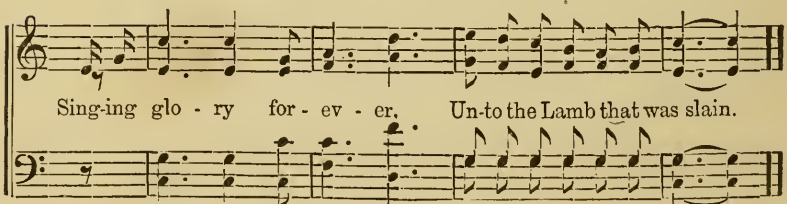


Chil-dren whose sins are all for-given, A ho-ly, hap-py band.
 Where all is peace, and joy and love? How came those children there?
 Bathed in that pure and precious flood, Be-hold them white and clean.
 And now they see His bless-ed face, And stand be-fore the Lamb.

Chorus.



Sing-ing glo-ry, sing-ing glo-ry, Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry,



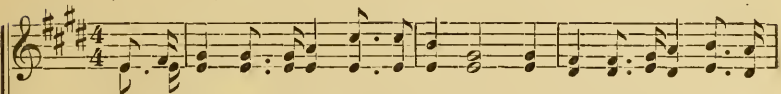
Sing-ing glo-ry for-ev-er, Un-to the Lamb that was slain.

No. 9. Can You Point a Lost Soul to the Saviour?

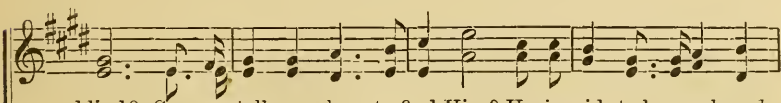
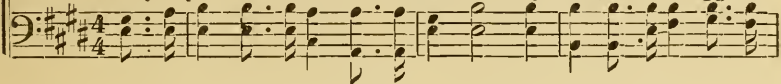
"Behold the Lamb of God."—JOHN i. 36.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

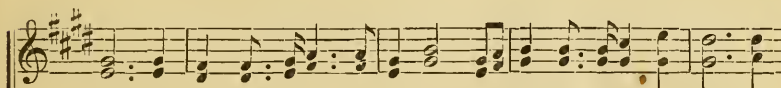
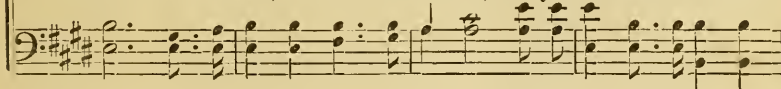
Rev. S. MORRISON.



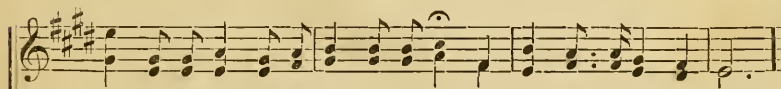
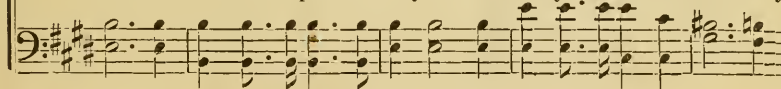
1. Can you point a lost soul to the Sav-iour? A soul that is sin-ful and
2. Oh, my heart it is heav-y with sor-row! My eyes are o'erflowing with
3. I once heard, I once heard of this Saviour, In childhood, a long time a-
4. Can you point a lost soul to the Sav-iour? My heart, it can struggle no



blind? Can you tell me where to find Him? He is said to be meek and
tears: But, a-las! not floods of weep-ing Can a-tone for my mis-spent
go: How our stripes were laid up-on Him: But, it went like the melt-ing
more: I am weak, and blind and sin-ful, Can you lead me un-to the



kind. But, oh, He is pure and ho-ly, And I am all vile with sin; But
years. For one of my sins, no an-swer Have I, that I dare to speak; But,
snow, The thought of my sins I stifled; The tho't of His love, the same; But,
door? The word I shall speak is mercy! And that, do you think He'll know? Thy



if I draw near, do you think He will hear, And rise and will let me in?
if I draw near, do you think He will hear, I'll find, if of Him I seek?
if I draw near, do you think He will hear, And blot out my sin and shame?
sins, will He say, I have washed them away, I've washed them as white as snow!

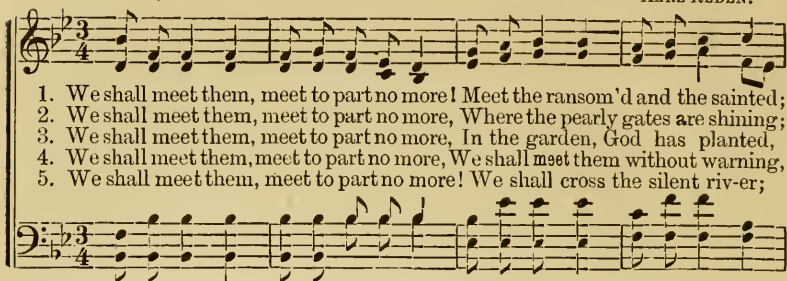


No. 10. We Shall Meet Them.

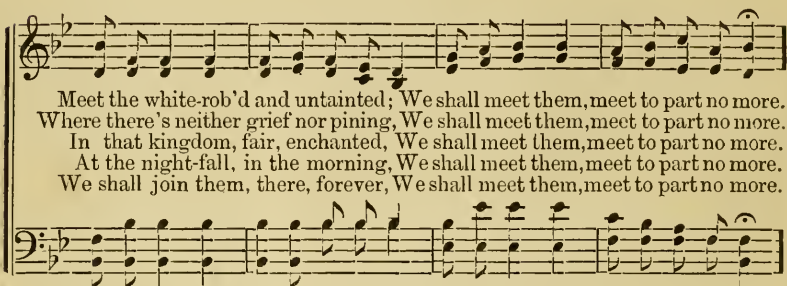
"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."—2 SAM. xii. 23.

T. CORBEN, D. D.

KARL REDEN.

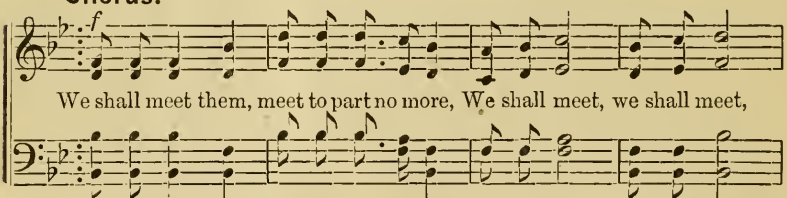


1. We shall meet them, meet to part no more! Meet the ransom'd and the sainted;
2. We shall meet them, meet to part no more, Where the pearly gates are shining;
3. We shall meet them, meet to part no more, In the garden, God has planted,
4. We shall meet them, meet to part no more, We shall meet them without warning,
5. We shall meet them, meet to part no more! We shall cross the silent riv-er;

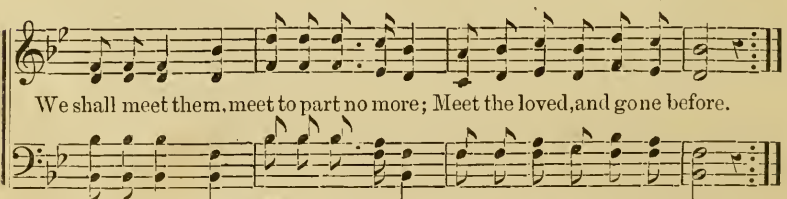


Meet the white-rob'd and untainted; We shall meet them, meet to part no more.
 Where there's neither grief nor pining, We shall meet them, meet to part no more.
 In that kingdom, fair, enchanted, We shall meet them, meet to part no more.
 At the night-fall, in the morning, We shall meet them, meet to part no more.
 We shall join them, there, forever, We shall meet them, meet to part no more.

Chorus.



We shall meet them, meet to part no more, We shall meet, we shall meet,



We shall meet them, meet to part no more; Meet the loved, and gone before.

No. 11. It is I, O Soul Dismayed.

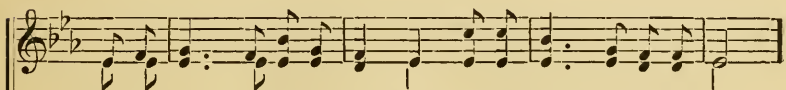
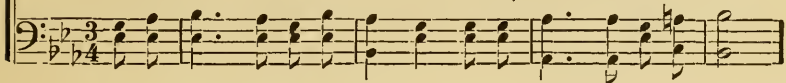
"It is I, be not afraid."—MATT xiv. 27.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

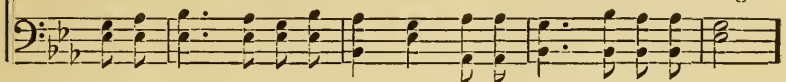
W. A. OGDEN.



1. Thou art walk-ing, O my Sav-iour, Walking on my troubled sea;
2. Thou art walk-ing, O my Sav-iour, Through the vale of tears with me;
3. With me wilt thou walk, my Saviour, Through the shades of coming death?
4. With thee shall I walk, my Saviour, Walk for aye with thee in white;



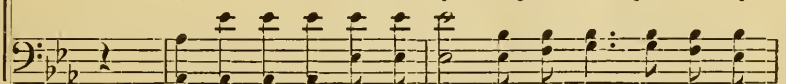
Thro' the lift-ing mists of sor-row, Lo, thy king-ly form I see.
Nor hast thou, thy-self for-got-ten Shades of dark Geth-sem-a-ne.
And up-on thy faith-ful bo-som, Shall I breathe my last, last breath?
Meet shall I be to in-her-it With the bloodwashed saints in light?



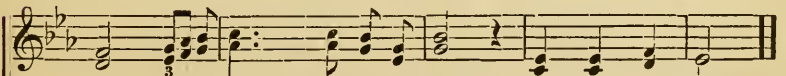
Chorus.



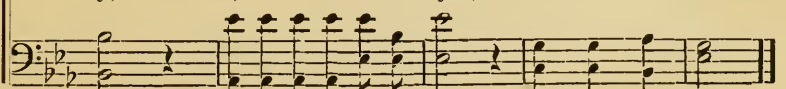
"It is I," I hear thee say, "Strength I'll e-qual to thy



"It is I," I hear thee say,



day; It is I, O soul dismayed, Be not a-fraid."



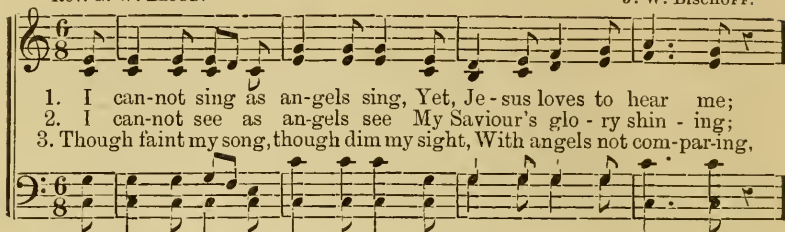
"It is I, O soul dismayed,"

No. 12. I Cannot Sing as Angels Sing.

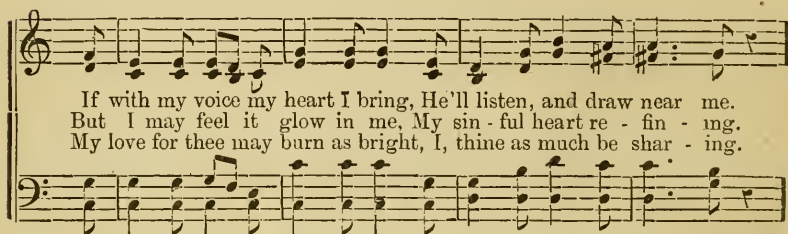
"I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne."—REV. v. 11.

Rev. G. W. LLOYD.

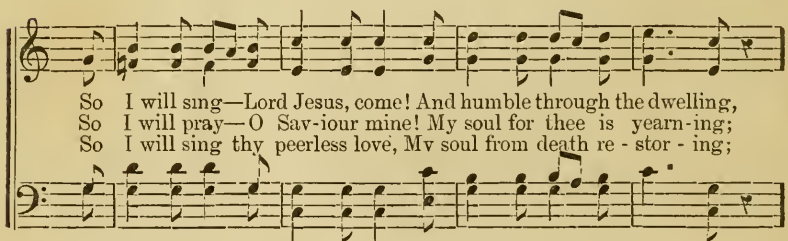
J. W. BISCHOFF.



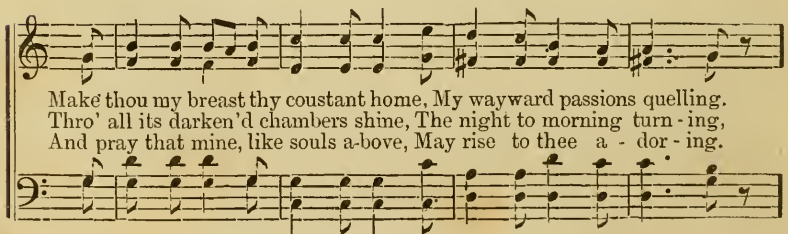
1. I can-not sing as an-gels sing, Yet, Je-sus loves to hear me;
 2. I can-not see as an-gels see My Saviour's glo - ry shin - ing;
 3. Though faint my song, though dim my sight, With angels not com-par-ing,



If with my voice my heart I bring, He'll listen, and draw near me.
 But I may feel it glow in me, My sin - ful heart re - fin - ing.
 My love for thee may burn as bright, I, thine as much be shar - ing.



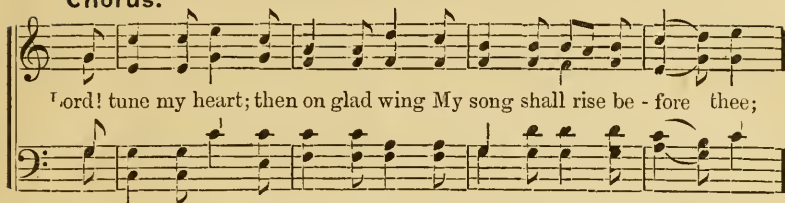
So I will sing—Lord Jesus, come! And humble through the dwelling,
 So I will pray—O Sav-iour mine! My soul for thee is yearn-ing;
 So I will sing thy peerless love, My soul from death re - stor - ing;



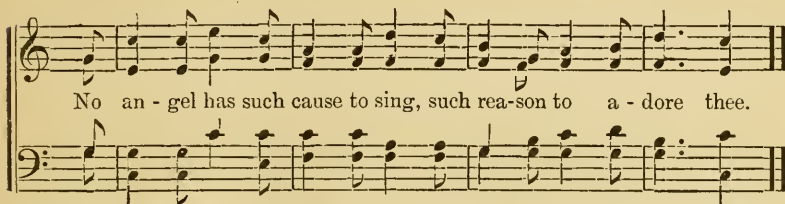
Make thou my breast thy coustant home, My wayward passions quelling.
 Thro' all its darken'd chambers shine, The night to morning turn - ing,
 And pray that mine, like souls a-bove, May rise to thee a - dor - ing.

I Cannot Sing as Angels Sing—Con uded.

Chorus.



Lord! tune my heart; then on glad wing My song shall rise be - fore thee;

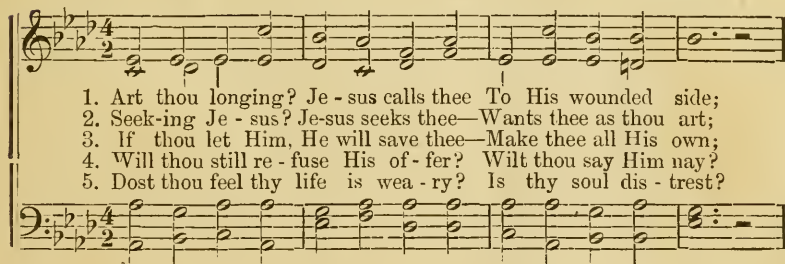


No an - gel has such cause to sing, such rea-son to a - dore thee.

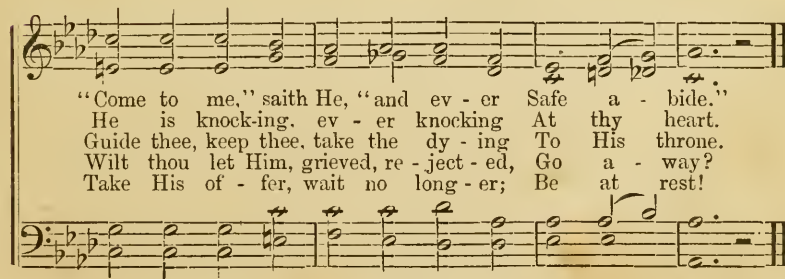
No. 13. Art Thou Longing?

Rev. S. C. MORGAN, "I will give you rest."—MATT. xi. 28.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Art thou longing? Je - sus calls thee To His wounded side;
 2. Seek-ing Je - sus? Je-sus seeks thee—Wants thee as thou art;
 3. If thou let Him, He will save thee—Make thee all His own;
 4. Will thou still re - fuse His of - fer? Wilt thou say Him nay?
 5. Dost thou feel thy life is wea - ry? Is thy soul dis - trest?



"Come to me," saith He, "and ev - er Safe a - bide."
 He is knock-ing. ev - er knocking At thy heart.
 Guide thee, keep thee, take the dy - ing To His throne.
 Wilt thou let Him, grieved, re - ject - ed, Go a - way?
 Take His of - fer, wait no long - er; Be at rest!

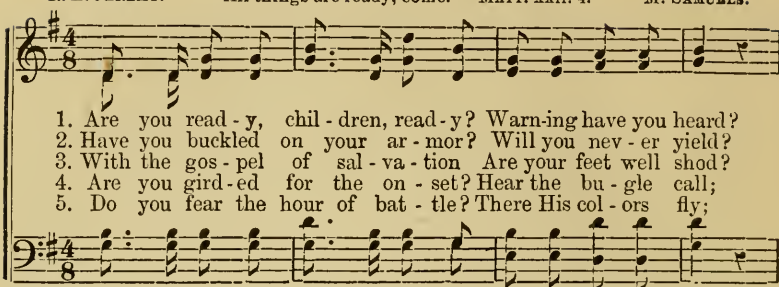
By per. of Biglow & Main.

No. 14. Are You Ready, Children, Ready?

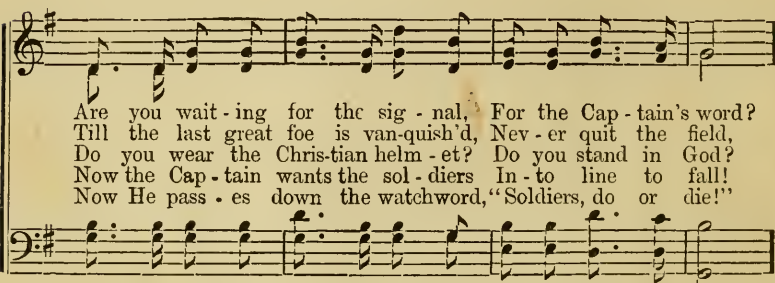
R. E. JEREMY.

"All things are ready, come."—MATT. xxii. 4.

M. SAMUELS.

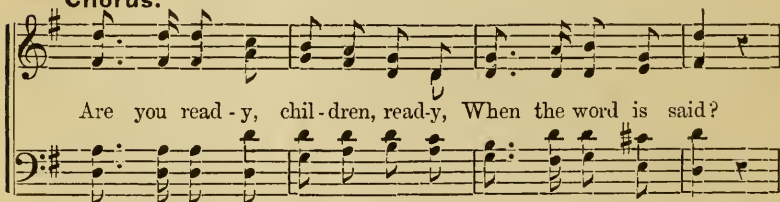


1. Are you read - y, chil - dren, read - y? Warn - ing have you heard?
 2. Have you buckled on your ar - mor? Will you nev - er yield?
 3. With the gos - pel of sal - va - tion Are your feet well shod?
 4. Are you gird - ed for the on - set? Hear the bu - gle call;
 5. Do you fear the hour of bat - tle? There His col - ors fly;

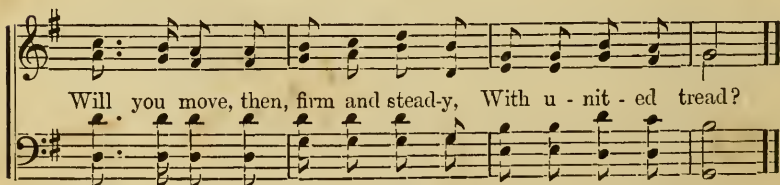


Are you wait - ing for the sig - nal, For the Cap - tain's word?
 Till the last great foe is van - quish'd, Nev - er quit the field,
 Do you wear the Chris - tian helm - et? Do you stand in God?
 Now the Cap - tain wants the sol - diers In - to line to fall!
 Now He pass - es down the watchword, "Soldiers, do or die!"

Chorus.



Are you read - y, chil - dren, read - y, When the word is said?



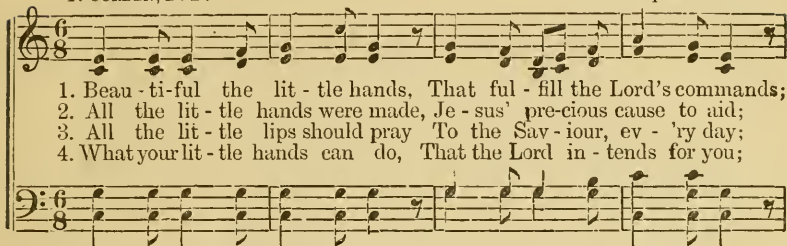
Will you move, then, firm and stead - y, With u - nit - ed tread?

No. 15. Beautiful the Little Hands.

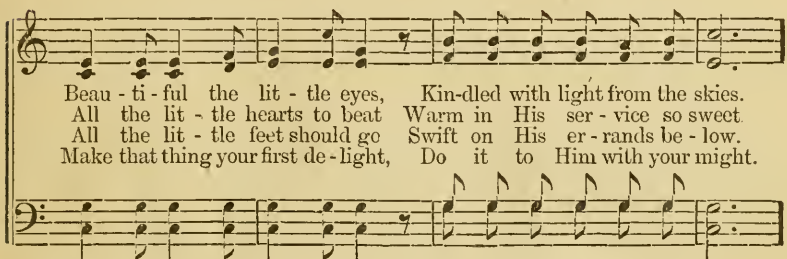
"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—ECCLES. ix. 10.

T. CORBEN, D. D.

Bishop W. JOHNS.



1. Beau - ti - ful the lit - tle hands, That ful - fill the Lord's commands;
 2. All the lit - tle hands were made, Je - sus' pre - cious cause to aid;
 3. All the lit - tle lips should pray To the Sav - iour, ev - 'ry day;
 4. What your lit - tle hands can do, That the Lord in - tends for you;

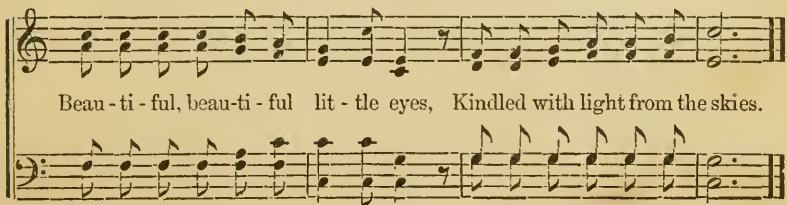


Beau - ti - ful the lit - tle eyes, Kin - dled with light from the skies.
 All the lit - tle hearts to beat Warm in His ser - vice so sweet.
 All the lit - tle feet should go Swift on His er - rands be - low.
 Make that thing your first de - light, Do it to Him with your might.

Chorus.



Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful lit - tle hands, That ful - fill the Lord's commands;



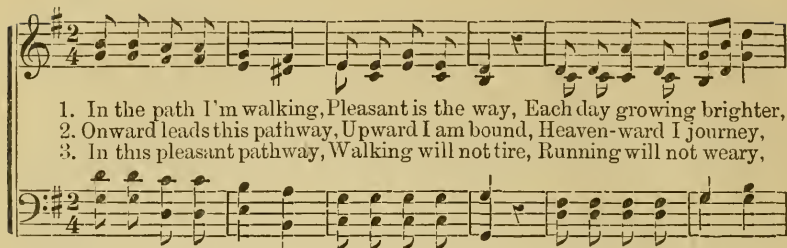
Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful lit - tle eyes, Kindled with light from the skies.

No. 16. The Path of the Just.

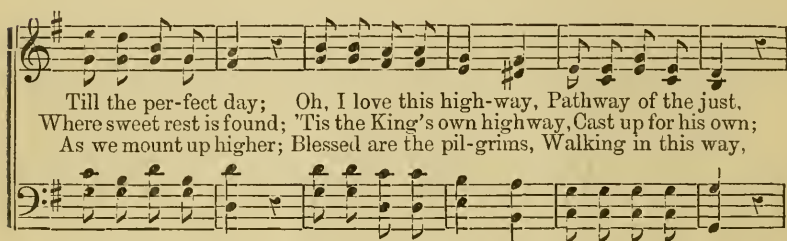
"The path of the just is as the shining light."—Prov, iv. 18.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

J. W. BISCHOFF.

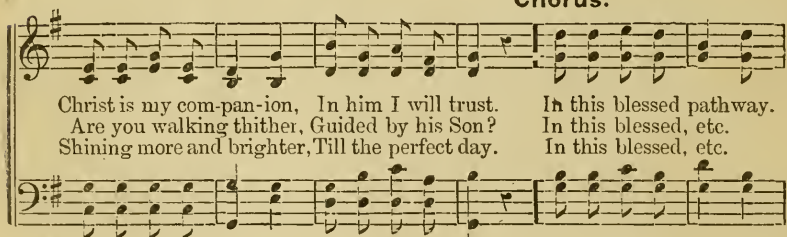


1. In the path I'm walking, Pleasant is the way, Each day growing brighter,
 2. Onward leads this pathway, Upward I am bound, Heaven-ward I journey,
 3. In this pleasant pathway, Walking will not tire, Running will not weary,

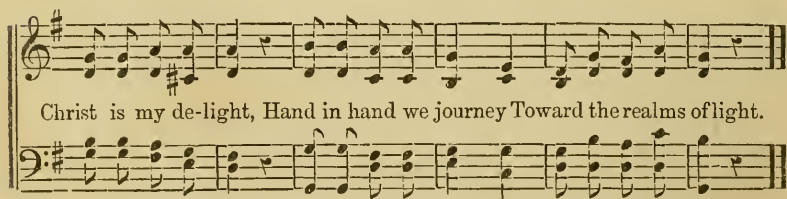


Till the per-fect day; Oh, I love this high-way, Pathway of the just.
 Where sweet rest is found; 'Tis the King's own highway, Cast up for his own;
 As we mount up higher; Blessed are the pil-grims, Walking in this way,

Chorus.



Christ is my com-pan-ion, In him I will trust.	In this blessed pathway.
Are you walking thither, Guided by his Son?	In this blessed, etc.
Shining more and brighter, Till the perfect day.	In this blessed, etc.



Christ is my de-light, Hand in hand we journey Toward the realms of light.

No. 17. I Am Praying for You.

Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray.—PSALMS, 55: 17.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. I have a Sav-iour, He's plead-ing in glo-ry: A dear, lov-ing Sav-iour, tho'

earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten - der-ness o'er me, And

f CHORUS.

oh, that my Sav-iour were your Sav-iour, too! For you I am pray-ing, For

p *f* *pp* *rall.*
you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

2. I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true,
And soon will He call me to meet Him
in Heaven—
But oh that He'd let me bring you
with me, too!

3. I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in white-
ness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering
view;
Oh, when I receive it, all shining in
brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiv-
ing one, too!

4. I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world
never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and
Giver;
And, oh, could I know it was given
to you!

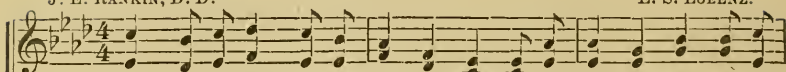
5. When Jesus has found you, tell others
the story [viour, too;
That my loving Saviour is your Sa-
Then pray that your Saviour may bring
them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas
answered for you!

No. 18. Is It There ? Written There ?

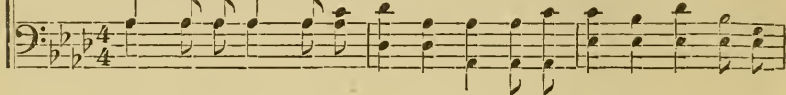
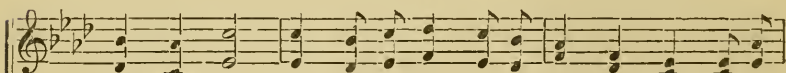
"Written in the Lamb's Book of Life."—REV. xxi. 27.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

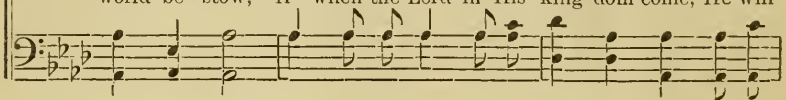
E. S. LOEENZ.



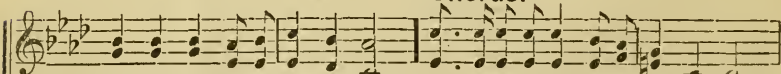
1. I do not ask for the pride of earth, For the pride of wealth or the
 2. I do not ask for a glorious name, That is writ-ten high on the
 3. I do not ask that my earthly life Should be free from burdens, and
 4. I'd give up all that I hope be- low, All that time can give, or the

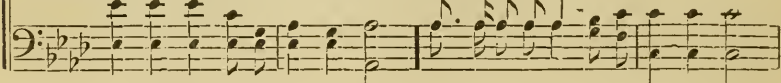
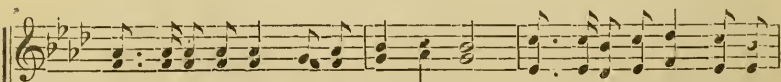
pride of birth; Be this, the rath - er, my one great care; In the
 scroll of Fame; Be this, the rath - er, con-cern of mine, To in-
 cares and strife: Nor that its cur-rent have tran-quil flow, If but
 world be - stow, If when the Lord in His king-dom come, He will



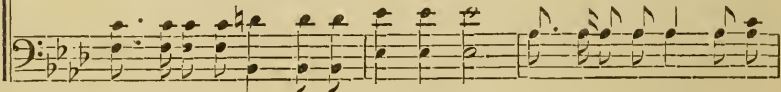
Chorus.



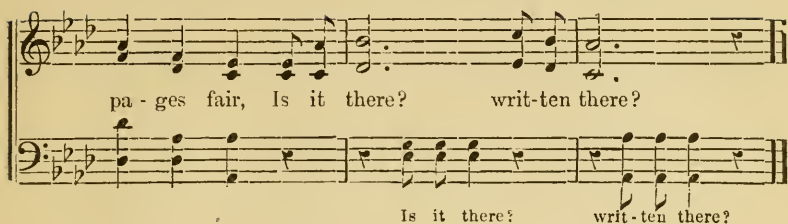
Book of Life, that my name is there. In the Book of Life, on those pages fair,
 sure it there, in that Book di-vine. In the Book, etc.
 this one thing, I may sure-ly know. In the Book, etc.
 know me then, and will take me home. In the Book, etc.

Do the an-gels see that my name is there? In the Book of Life, on those



Is It There ? Written There ?—Concluded.



pa - ges fair, Is it there? writ-ten there?

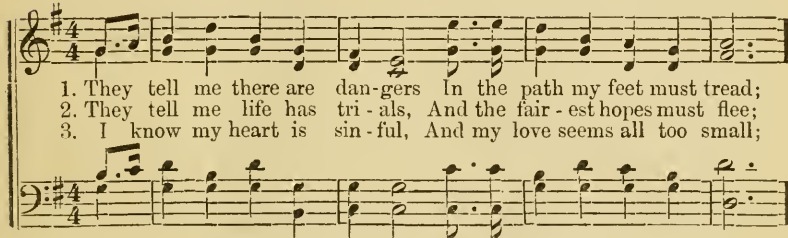
Is it there? writ-ten there?

No. 19. The Wide, Wide World.

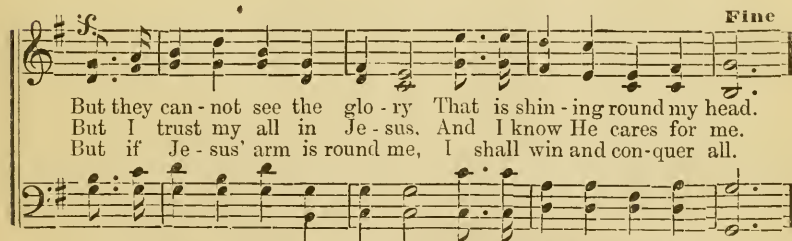
"The Lord alone did lead him."—DEUT. xxxii. 12.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

Rev. C. S. MAILY, by per.



1. They tell me there are dan-gers In the path my feet must tread;
2. They tell me life has tri - als, And the fair - est hopes must flee;
3. I know my heart is sin - ful, And my love seems all too small;



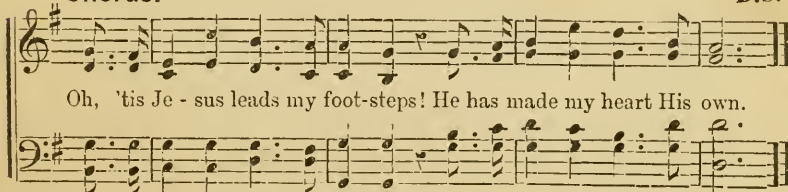
Fine

But they can - not see the glo - ry That is shin - ing round my head.
But I trust my all in Je - sus, And I know He cares for me.
But if Je - sus' arm is round me, I shall win and con-quer all.

D.S.—For I would not dare to jour-ney Thro' the wide, wide world a - lone.

Chorus.

D.S.



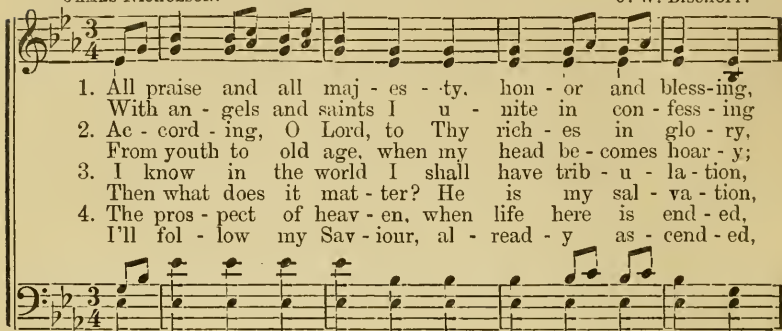
Oh, 'tis Je - sus leads my foot-steps! He has made my heart His own.

No. 20. All Praise and All Majesty.

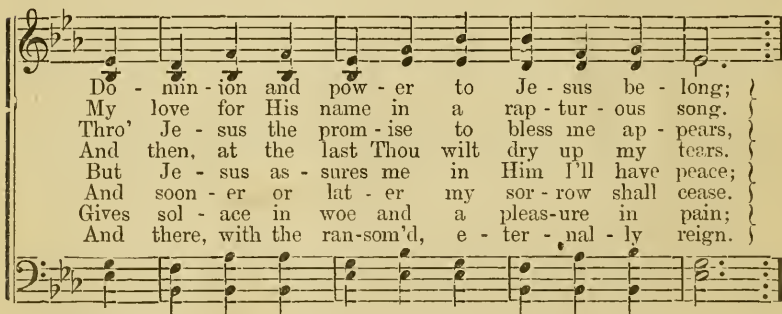
"To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."—JUDE 25.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

J. W. BISCHOFF.

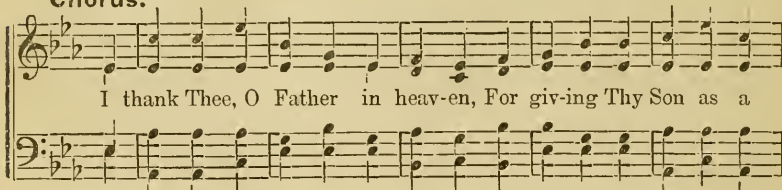


1. All praise and all maj - es - ty. hon - or and bless - ing,
 With an - gels and saints I u - nite in con - fess - ing
 2. Ac - cord - ing, O Lord, to Thy rich - es in glo - ry,
 From youth to old age, when my head be - comes hoar - y;
 3. I know in the world I shall have trib - u - la - tion,
 Then what does it mat - ter? He is my sal - va - tion,
 4. The pros - pect of heav - en, when life here is end - ed,
 I'll fol - low my Sav - iour, al - read - y as - cend - ed,

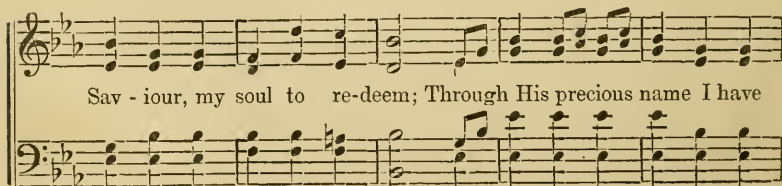


Do - min - ion and pow - er to Je - sus be - long;
 My love for His name in a rap - tur - ous song.
 Thro' Je - sus the prom - ise to bless me ap - pears,
 And then, at the last Thou wilt dry up my tears.
 But Je - sus as - sures me in Him I'll have peace;
 And soon - er or lat - er my sor - row shall cease.
 Gives sol - ace in woe and a pleas - ure in pain;
 And there, with the ran - som'd, e - ter - nal - ly reign.

Chorus.



I thank Thee, O Father in heav - en, For giv - ing Thy Son as a



Sav - iour, my soul to re - deem; Through His precious name I have

All Praise and All Majesty--Concluded.

peace in be-liev-ing, And sweetly each moment I'm trusting in Him.

No. 21. Jesus is Calling Thee.

"Ho! every one that thirsteth."—Isa. lv. 1.

T. T. PRICE.

WM. W. BENTLEY, by per.

1. Je - sus is call - ing thee, "Come un - to Me!"
 2. Ho! ev - 'ry thirst - y one come at the call,
 3. Take my yoke cheer - ful - ly learn - ing of Me.

Mer - cy is offered thee, boundless and free. Come, all who labor here,
 Streams of sal - va - tion flow free - ly for all. This is His call to thee,
 Meek - ly and will - ing - ly trust and be free. Eas - y my yoke shall be:

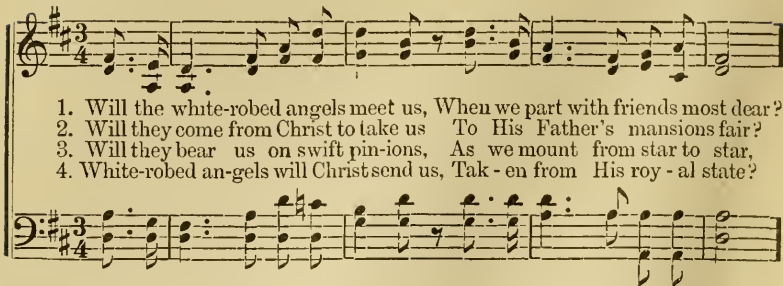
come and be blest; All heav - y la - den ones, come and find rest.
 "Give me thy heart;" "All things are read - y now—just as thou art."
 come and be blest; Light shall my bur - den be, come and find rest.

No. 22. The White-Robed Angels.

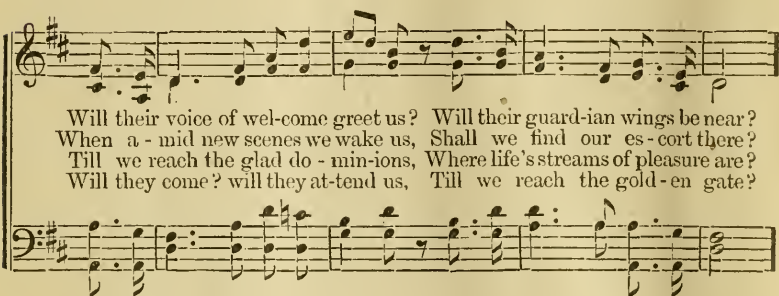
"And he was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom."—LUKE xvi. 22.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

J. W. BISCHOFF.

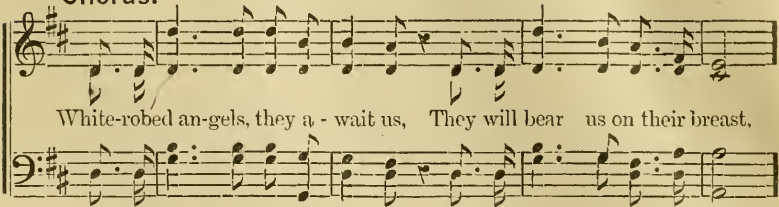


1. Will the white-robed angels meet us, When we part with friends most dear?
 2. Will they come from Christ to take us To His Father's mansions fair?
 3. Will they bear us on swift pin-ions, As we mount from star to star,
 4. White-robed an-gels will Christ send us, Tak-en from His roy-al state?

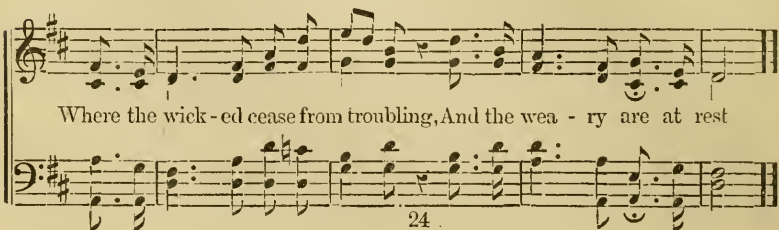


Will their voice of wel-come greet us? Will their guard-ian wings be near?
 When a-mid new scenes we wake us, Shall we find our es-cort there?
 Till we reach the glad do-min-ions, Where life's streams of pleasure are?
 Will they come? will they at-tend us, Till we reach the gold-en gate?

Chorus.



White-robed an-gels, they a-wait us, They will bear us on their breast,



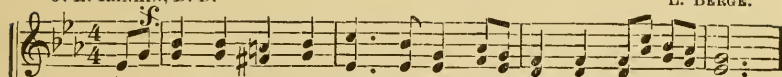
Where the wick-ed cease from troubling, And the wea-ry are at rest

No. 23. Our Hiding Place.

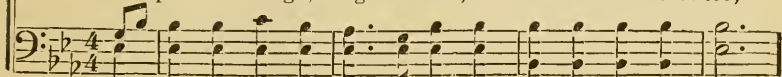
"A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind."—ISA. xxxii. 2.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

L. BERGE.

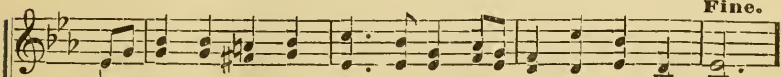


1. There is a ref-uge now, I know, Where sin-ners such as I,
2. Be - hold, be-hold that wondrous form, Where God and man do meet;
3. In Christ, we see the Fa-ther's face, We see His face and live;
4. Al - pha. O - me-ga, King and Lord; Our Friend and Brother too;

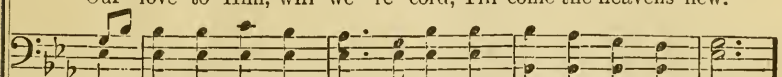


D. S. is a ref-uge, now I know, Where sinners such as I,

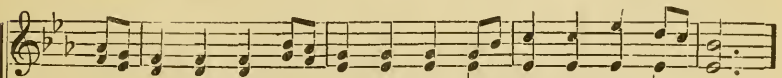
Fine.



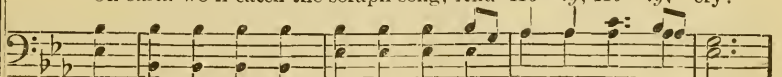
Who have no oth - er place to go, From sin and death may fly.
This is our cov - ert from the storm; Our shad - ow from the heat:
We touch the scep - ter of His grace; He gives what love can give.
Our love to Him, will we re - cord, Till come the heavens new.



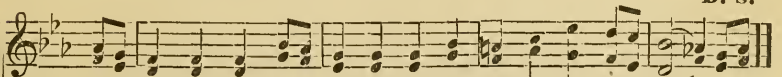
Who have no oth - er place to go, From sin and death may fly.



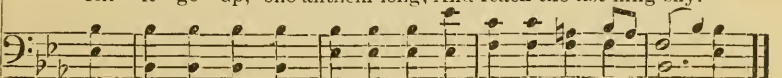
Je - sus, our Lord, for man has died, Has died for you and me;
Here is our Ref - uge, tow'ring high; The cleft where in we stand,
But, oh, it does not yet ap - pear, What glo - ry shall be ours,
On earth we'll catch the seraph song, And Ho - ly, Ho - ly, cry:



D. S.



The cleft with - in His wounded side, Our hiding place shall be. There
And hear the temp - est roll - ing by, Safe 'neath our Fathers's hand,
When we be - hold our Je - sus here; Cloth'd with his roy - al pow'rs.
Till it go up, one anthem long, And reach the list'ning sky.

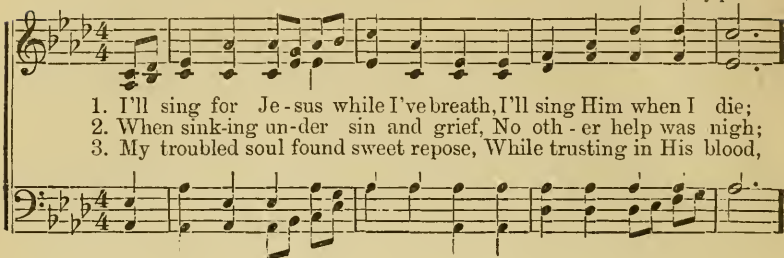


No. 24. I'll Sing for Jesus.

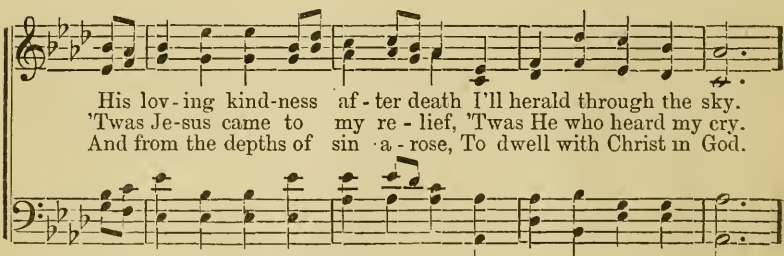
"To whom be praise and dominion forever and ever."—1 PET. iv. 11.

Rev. T. C. READE.

J. H. ANDERSON, by per.



1. I'll sing for Je-sus while I've breath, I'll sing Him when I die;
 2. When sink-ing un-der sin and grief, No oth-er help was nigh;
 3. My troubled soul found sweet repose, While trusting in His blood,

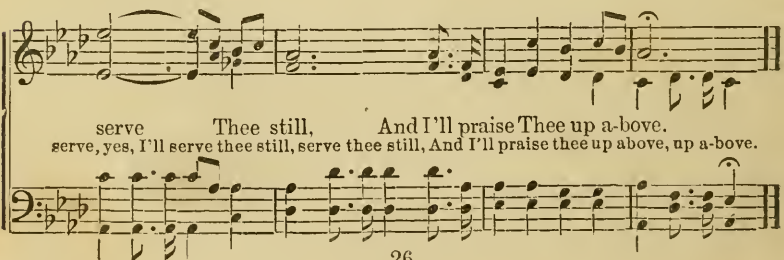


His lov-ing kind-ness af-ter death I'll herald through the sky.
 'Twas Je-sus came to my re-lief, 'Twas He who heard my cry.
 And from the depths of sin a-rose, To dwell with Christ in God.

Chorus.



Sweet Sav-our mine, I'll sing of thy wondrous love; I'll
 Sweet Saviour, Saviour mine, I'll sing of thy wondrous love, wondrous love, I'll



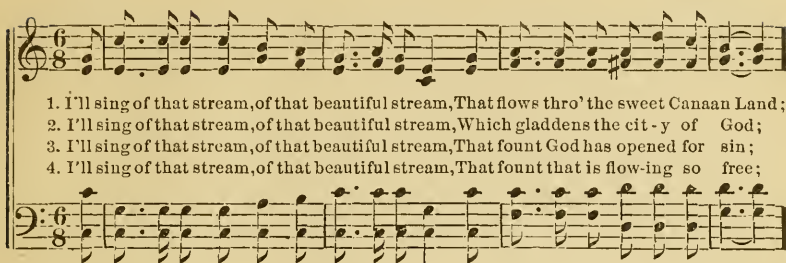
serve Thee still, And I'll praise Thee up a-bove.
 serve, yes, I'll serve thee still, serve thee still, And I'll praise thee up above, up a-bove.

No. 25. Go Wash in the Stream.

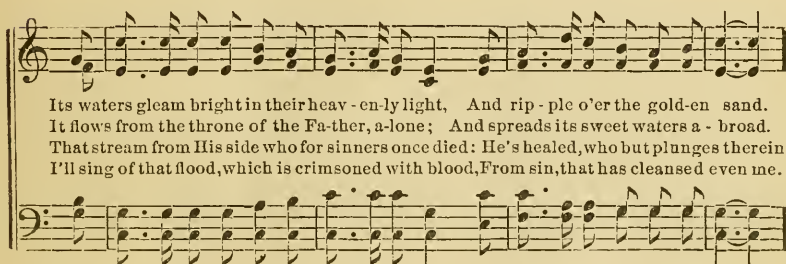
R. TORBEY, Jr.

"A fountain is opened for sin."—ZECH. xiii, 1.

I. BALTZALL.

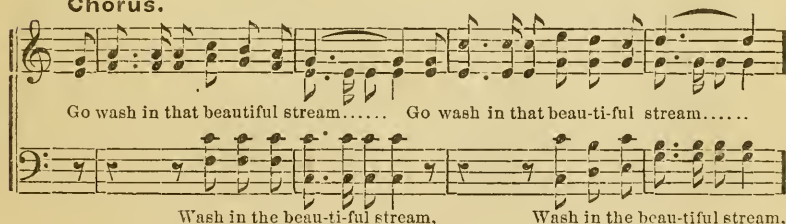


1. I'll sing of that stream, of that beautiful stream, That flows thro' the sweet Canaan Land;
 2. I'll sing of that stream, of that beautiful stream, Which gladdens the cit-y of God;
 3. I'll sing of that stream, of that beautiful stream, That fount God has opened for sin;
 4. I'll sing of that stream, of that beautiful stream, That fount that is flow-ing so free;



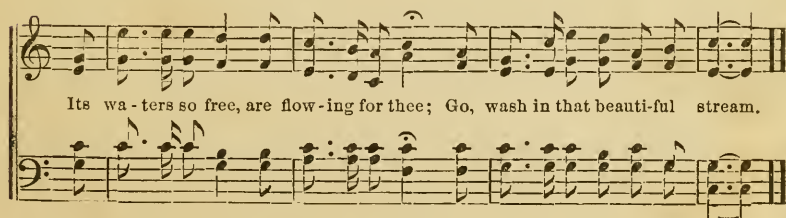
Its waters gleam bright in their heav-en-ly light, And rip-ple o'er the gold-en sand.
 It flows from the throne of the Fa-ther, a-lone; And spreads its sweet waters a-broad.
 That stream from His side who for sinners once died: He's healed, who but plunges therein
 I'll sing of that flood, which is crimsoned with blood, From sin, that has cleansed even me.

Chorus.



Go wash in that beautiful stream..... Go wash in that beau-ti-ful stream.....

Wash in the beau-ti-ful stream, Wash in the beau-ti-ful stream,



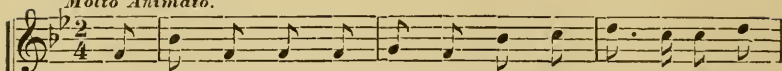
Its wa-ters so free, are flow-ing for thee; Go, wash in that beau-ti-ful stream.

No. 26. Come, Sign the Pledge To-Night.

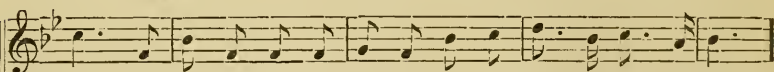
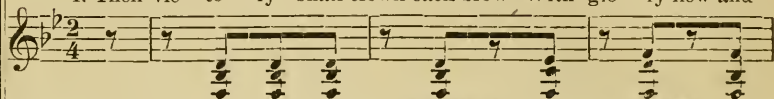
STANLEY H. PARKER.

EDWARD H. PHELPS.

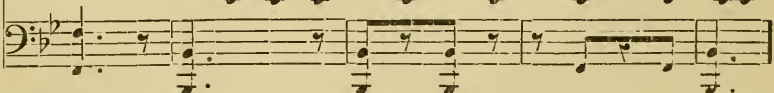
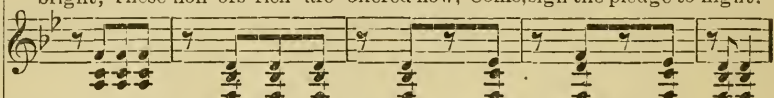
Molto Animato.



1. Come, sign the pledge and don the blue, Come, men, and do the
2. Let homes re-joice with hope and love, Let ev-'ry heart be
3. Fear not to stand and be a man, Come, bat-tle with your
4. Then vic-to-ry shall crown each brow With glo-ry new and



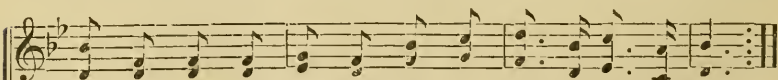
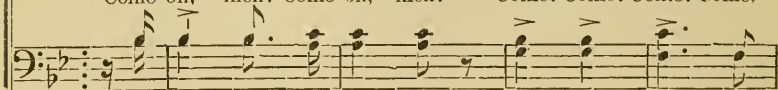
right; And with God's help you'll keep it true, Come, sign the pledge to-night!
 light; For God is smil-ing from a-bove, Come, sign the pledge to-night!
 might; A-gainst the foe we'll lead the van, Come, sign the pledge to-night!
 bright; These hon-ors rich are offered now, Come, sign the pledge to-night!



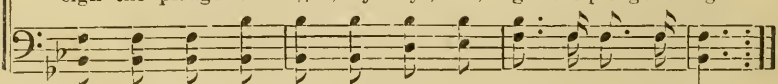
Chorus.



Come on, men! Come on, men! Come! Come! Come! Come,



sign the pledge to - night, my boys, Oh, sign the pledge to-night.

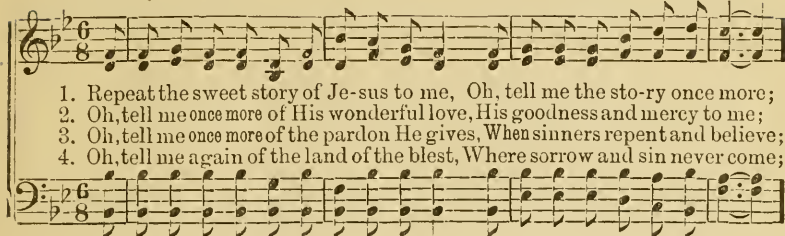


No. 27. Repeat the Sweet Story.

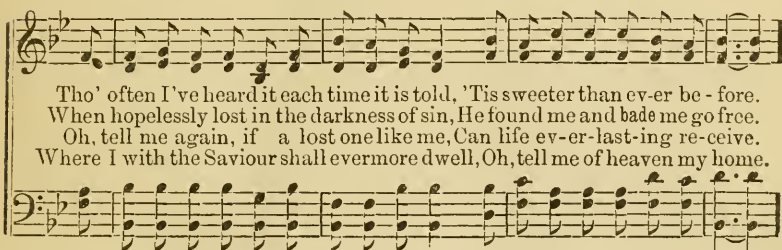
'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.'—1 TIM. i. 15

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

PEARL J. SPRAGUE.

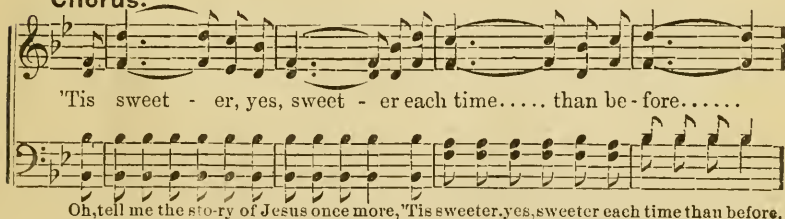


1. Repeat the sweet story of Je-sus to me, Oh, tell me the sto-ry once more;
 2. Oh, tell me once more of His wonderful love, His goodness and mercy to me;
 3. Oh, tell me once more of the pardon He gives, When sinners repent and believe;
 4. Oh, tell me again of the land of the blest, Where sorrow and sin never come;

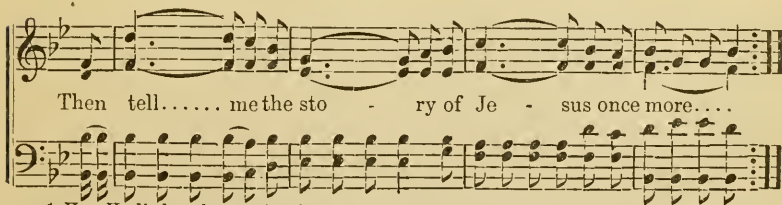


Tho' often I've heard it each time it is told, 'Tis sweeter than ev-er be-fore.
 When hopelessly lost in the darkness of sin, He found me and bade me go free.
 Oh, tell me again, if a lost one like me, Can life ev-er-last-ing re-ceive.
 Where I with the Saviour shall evermore dwell, Oh, tell me of heaven my home.

Chorus.



'Tis sweet - er, yes, sweet - er each time..... than be-fore.....
 Oh, tell me the sto-ry of Jesus once more, 'Tis sweeter, yes, sweeter each time than before.



Then tell..... me the sto - ry of Je - sus once more....

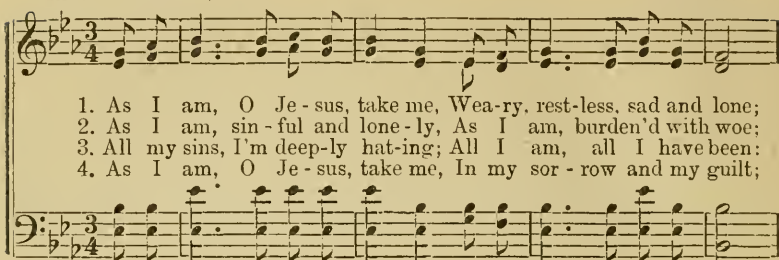
1. How He died on the tree for sin-ners like me, Oh, tell me the sto-ry of Jesus once more.
2. How His wonderful love bro't Him from above, Oh, tell me, etc.
3. Of the Sav-iour of men, oh, tell it a - gain, Oh, tell me, etc.
4. Where I with the blest shall ev-er-more rest, Oh, tell me, etc.

No. 28. As I Am, O Jesus, Take Me.

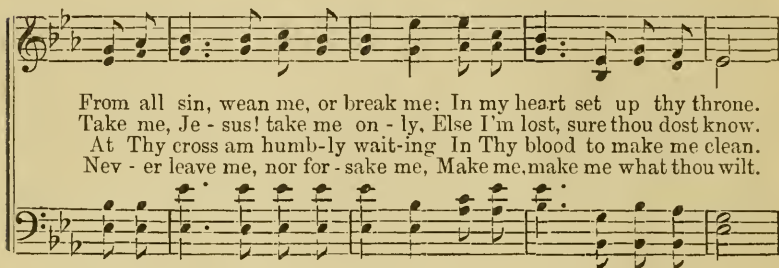
"Wilt thou be made whole?"—JOHN v. 6.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

J. E. RANKIN.

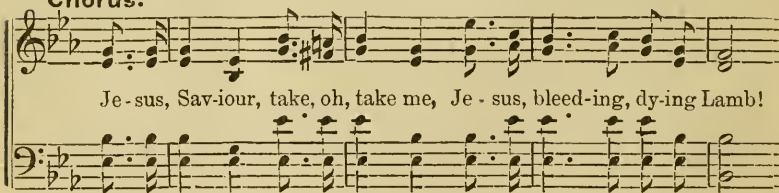


1. As I am, O Je-sus, take me, Wea-ry, rest-less, sad and lone;
 2. As I am, sin-ful and lone-ly, As I am, burden'd with woe;
 3. All my sins, I'm deep-ly hat-ing; All I am, all I have been:
 4. As I am, O Je-sus, take me, In my sor-row and my guilt;

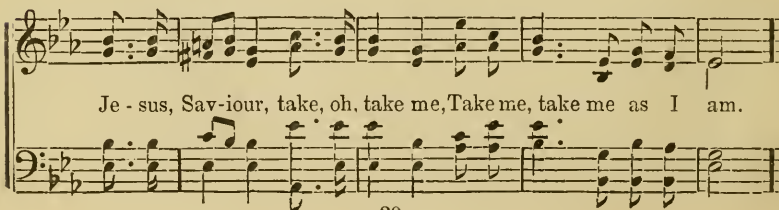


From all sin, wean me, or break me; In my heart set up thy throne.
 Take me, Je-sus! take me on-ly, Else I'm lost, sure thou dost know.
 At Thy cross am humb-ly wait-ing In Thy blood to make me clean.
 Nev-er leave me, nor for-sake me, Make me, make me what thou wilt.

Chorus.



Je-sus, Sav-iour, take, oh, take me, Je-sus, bleed-ing, dy-ing Lamb!



Je-sus, Sav-iour, take, oh, take me, Take me, take me as I am.

No. 29. Faith.

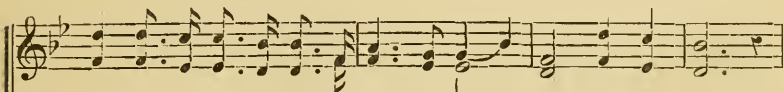
"What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee."—Ps. lvi. 3.

Mrs. C. S. SHACKLOCK.

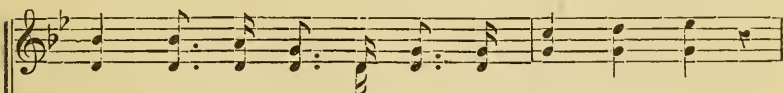
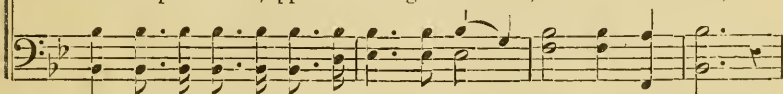
J. W. BISCHOFF.



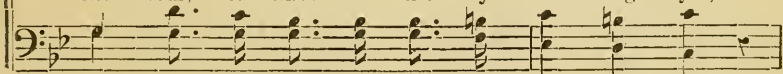
1. The sky is o-ver-cast with clouds of gloom, The storm is nigh;
2. Tho' faint and weary with the con-flict long, I will not fear;
3. Thou art my an-chor; tho' the dis-tant land I can-not see;
4. I thought not of the ref-uge of thy cross, When calm the sea;



On - ly thy presence can the night il-lume; To Thee I fly!
 I safe-ly pass the foaming waves among, When'thou art near;
 And darkness gathers round, thy guiding hand Still lead-eth me; .
 When tempest-toss'd, oppress'd with grief and loss, I fled to Thee;



Thy voice can bid the rag - ing temp - est cease,
 Sav - iour di - vine! O help the sor - row - ing,
 I know the ha - ven of my rest is near;
 Sav - iour, to Thee I lift my stream-ing eyes,



And fill my trou-bled heart with per - fect peace.
 To thy dear cross still trust - ing - ly I cling.
 Safe in thy shel - tering care I can-not fear.
 On Thee a - lone my soul for aid re - lies.



No. 30. The Bells of Gladness.

"Let the people praise Thee, O God,"—Ps. lxxvii. 3.

T. CORBEN, D. D.

KARL REDEN.

Cheerfully.

1. Hear the ring-ing bells of glad-ness, Clear up-on the Sab-bath air,
 2. Welcome, welcome, Sabbath greeting, Sweetly sounding far and near;
 3. Je - sus here un-furls His ban-ner, Sounds the gos-pel trum-pet-call;
 4. Bells of gladness! sweet their ringing, Clear up-on the Sab-bath air,

• Call-ing us from care and sad-ness, Call-ing us to praise and prayer.
 From our worldly cares re-treat-ing, Seek we God, the Fa-ther here.
 Here He breaks the heav'nly manna, Gives the word of life to all.
 Troubled souls for comfort wing-ing To the place of praise and prayer.

Chorus.

Oh, the bells, the bells of glad-ness, Call-ing us from care and sad-ness;

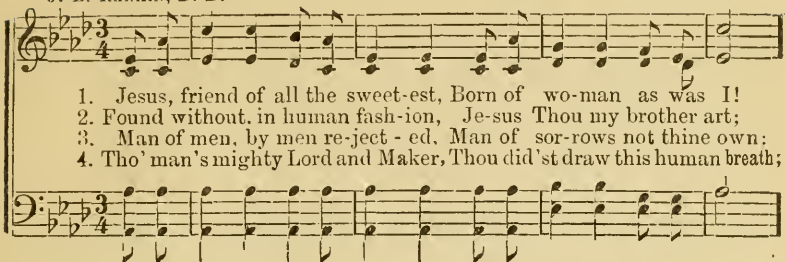
Call-ing us from sin-ful ways To the place of prayer and praise.

No. 31. Friend The Sweetest.

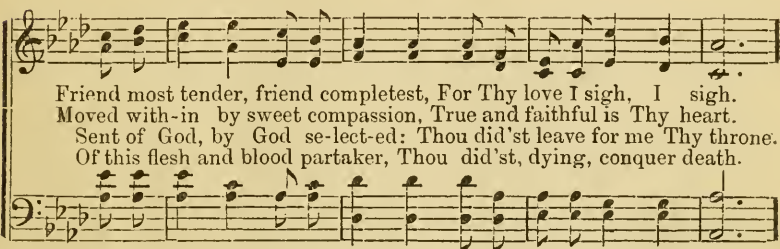
"The love of Christ constraineth."—2 Cor. v. 14.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

E. S. LORENZ.

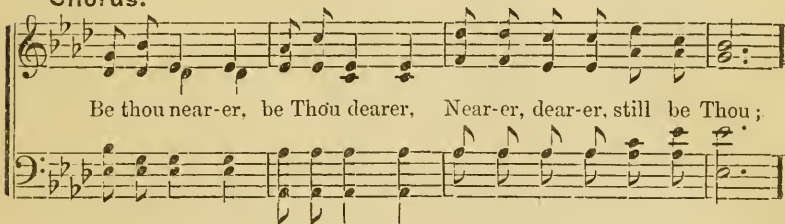


1. Jesus, friend of all the sweet-est, Born of wo-man as was I!
2. Found without, in human fash-ion, Je-sus Thou my brother art;
3. Man of men, by men re-ject - ed, Man of sor-rows not thine own;
4. Tho' man's mighty Lord and Maker, Thou did'st draw this human breath;

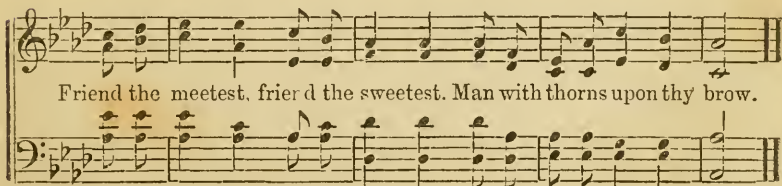


Friend most tender, friend completest, For Thy love I sigh, I sigh.
 Moved with-in by sweet compassion, True and faithful is Thy heart.
 Sent of God, by God se-lect-ed: Thou did'st leave for me Thy throne.
 Of this flesh and blood partaker, Thou did'st, dying, conquer death.

Chorus.



Be thou near-er, be Thou dearer, Near-er, dear-er, still be Thou;



Friend the meetest, frier d the sweetest. Man with thorns upon thy brow.

No. 32. White as Snow.

Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.—ISA., 1 : 18.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. "White as snow!" can my trans-gres-sions Thus be whol-ly wash'd a-
 2. "White as snow!" O, what a prom-ise For the heav-y lad-en
 3. Yes, at once, and that com-plete-ly, Thro' the blood of Christ, I

way! Leav-ing not a trace be-hind them, Like a cloud-less sum-mer day.
 breast! When by faith the soul re- ceives it, Wea-ri-ness is chang'd to rest.
 know All my sins, tho' red like crim-son, May be-come as white as snow.

"White as snow!" "White as snow!"
 "White as snow!" "White as snow!" Je-sus cleans-es white as

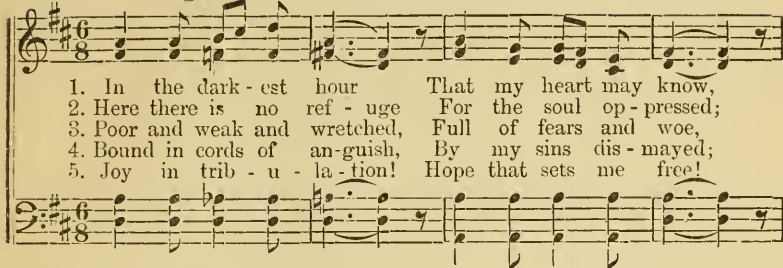
snow! Tho' your sins be red like crim-son, they shall be as white as snow.

No. 33. Refuge.

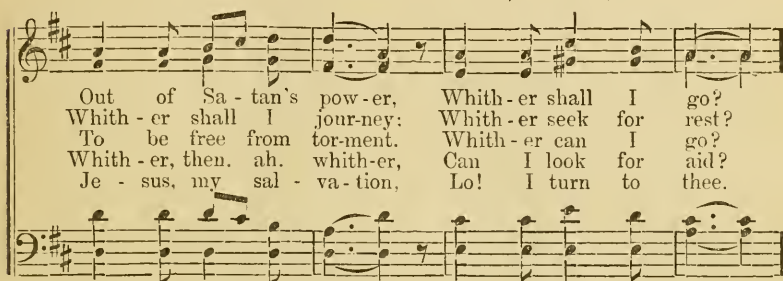
JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"God is a refuge to us."—Ps. lxii. 8.

J. W. BISCHOFF.

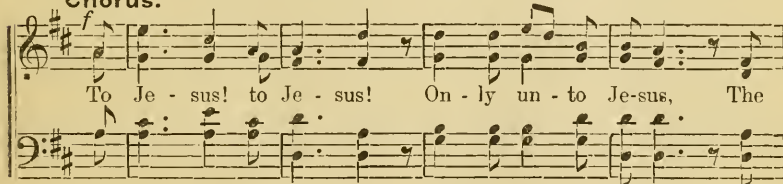


1. In the dark - est hour That my heart may know,
 2. Here there is no ref - uge For the soul op - pressed;
 3. Poor and weak and wretched, Full of fears and woe,
 4. Bound in cords of an - guish, By my sins dis - mayed;
 5. Joy in trib - u - la - tion! Hope that sets me free!

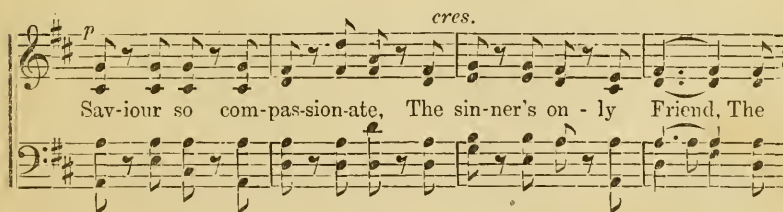


Out of Sa - tan's pow - er, Whith - er shall I go?
 Whith - er shall I jour - ney: Whith - er seek for rest?
 To be free from tor - ment. Whith - er can I go?
 Whith - er, then, ah. whith - er, Can I look for aid?
 Je - sus, my sal - va - tion, Lo! I turn to thee.

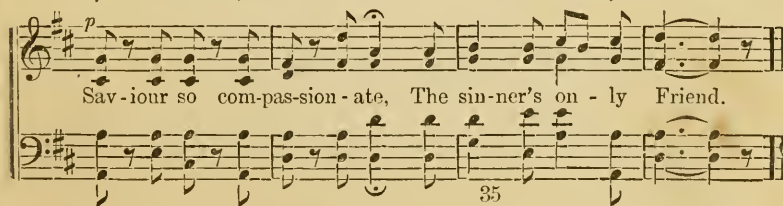
Chorus.



To Je - sus! to Je - sus! On - ly un - to Je - sus, The



Sav - iour so com - pas - sion - ate, The sin - ner's on - ly Friend, The



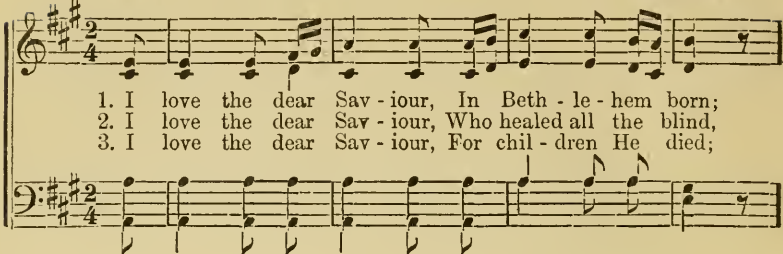
Sav - iour so com - pas - sion - ate, The sin - ner's on - ly Friend.

No. 34. I Love the Dear Saviour.

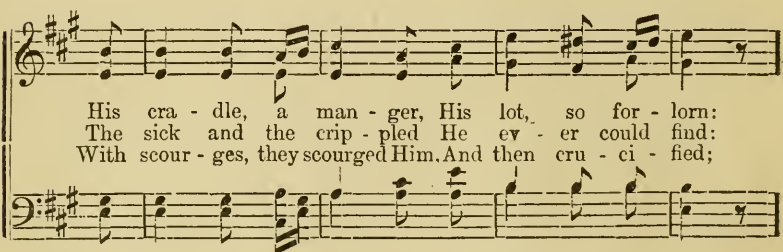
"Lord, Thon knowest that I love Thee."—JOHN xxi. 15.

R. E. JEREMY.

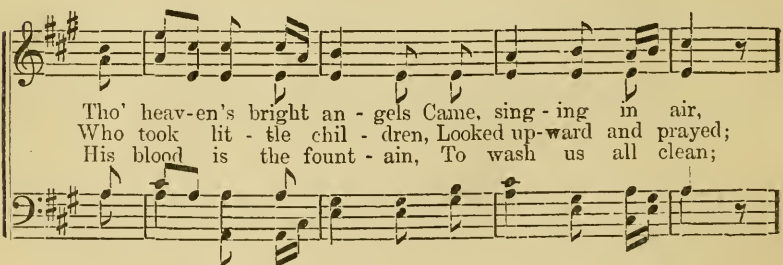
M. SAMUELS.



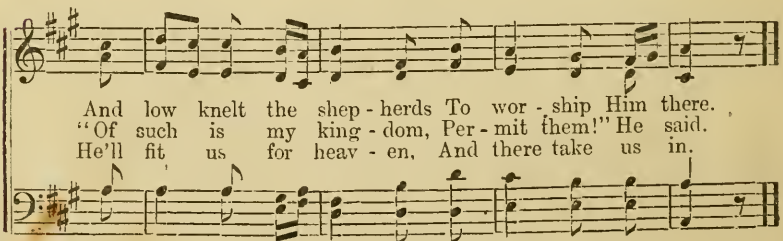
1. I love the dear Sav - iour, In Beth - le - hem born;
 2. I love the dear Sav - iour, Who healed all the blind,
 3. I love the dear Sav - iour, For chil - dren He died;



His cra - dle, a man - ger, His lot, so for - lorn;
 The sick and the crip - pled He ev - er could find;
 With scour - ges, they scourged Him. And then cru - ci - fied;



Tho' heav - en's bright an - gels Came, sing - ing in air,
 Who took lit - tle chil - dren, Looked up - ward and prayed;
 His blood is the fount - ain, To wash us all clean;



And low knelt the shep - herds To wor - ship Him there.
 "Of such is my king - dom, Per - mit them!" He said.
 He'll fit us for heav - en, And there take us in.

No. 35. How Can I But Love Him ?

"We love Him because He first loved us."—I JOHN iv. 19.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. So ten - der, so pre - cious My Sav - iour to me; So true, and so
 2. So pa - tient, so kind - ly Tow'rd all of my ways; I blun - der so
 3. Of all friends the fair - est And tru - est is He; His love is the
 4. His beau - ty, tho' bleeding And cir - cled with thorns; Is then most ex -

Refrain.

gra - cious, I've found Him to be. How can I but love Him? But
 blind - ly, He love still re - pays. How, etc.
 rar - est, That ev - er can be. How, etc.
 ceed - ing: For grief Him a - dorns. How, etc.

love Him, but love Him? There's no friend above Him, poor sinner, for thee.

No. 36, Bethany, 6s & 4s, Key G,

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
 E'en though it be a cross,
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

2. There let my way appear
 Steps up to Heaven;
 All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

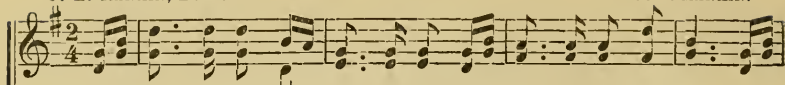
S. F. ADAMS.

No. 37. Sweet Canaan Land.

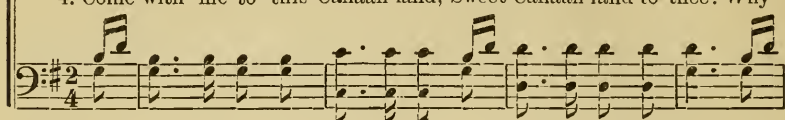
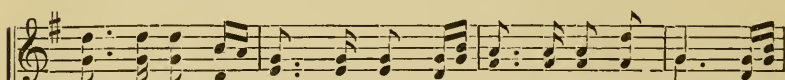
"A land flowing with milk and honey."—JOSU. v. 6.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

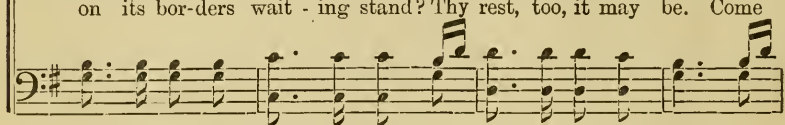
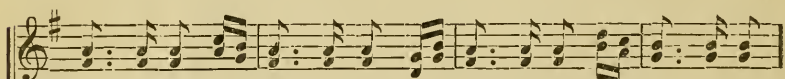
J. E. RANKIN.



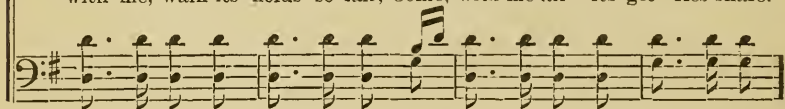
1. Heav'n is to me no for-eyn strand, No foreign strand to me; It
 2. Heav'n is to me sweet Canaan land, Sweet Canaan land to me! Its
 3. With milk and hon-ey flows that land, Sweet Canaan land to me! With
 4. Come with me to this Canaan land, Sweet Canaan land to thee! Why

is my heart's sweet Caanan land, It is my home to be; It
 mansions fair I see them stand, I see them stand for me; For
 ver-dure fair its fields ex - pand; Sweet Canaan land to me! My
 on its bor-ders wait - ing stand? Thy rest, too, it may be. Come

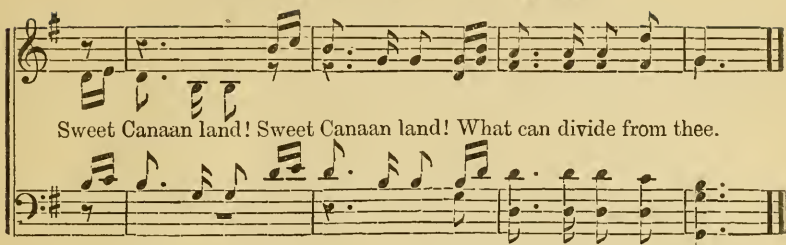
is the rest for which I long; It is the theme of all my song.
 there be-fore His Father's face, Je - sus for me pre-pares a place.
 wand'rings and my sins all o'er; My soul's sweet rest for - ev - er-more.
 with me, walk its fields so fair, Come, with me all its glo - ries share.




Sweet Canaan land! Sweet Canaan land! Thy fields of green I see;

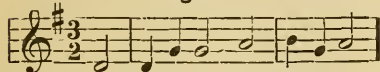


Sweet Canaan Land--Concluded.



Sweet Canaan land! Sweet Canaan land! What can divide from thee.

No. 33. Shining Shore. 8s & 7s.



1. My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHO.—For now we stand on Jordan's
strand,

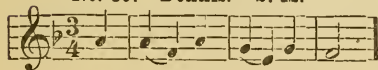
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2. Should coming days be dark and cold,
We will not yield to sorrow.
For hope will sing, with courage bold,
"There's glory on the morrow."

3. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says Come, and there's
our home,
Forever! oh, forever!

REV. DAVID NELSON.

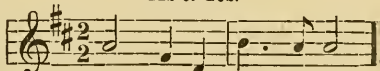
No. 39. Dennis. S. M.



1. Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
2. Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
3. We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT.

No. 40. Come, Ye Disconsolate. 11s & 10s.

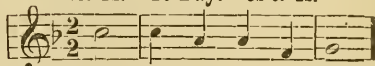


1. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye
languish, [kneel!
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently
Here bring your wounded hearts,
here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven
cannot heal.

2. Joy of the desolate, light of the stray-
ing,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and
pure, [saying,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly
Earth has no sorrow that heaven
cannot cure.

3. Here see the bread of life; see waters
flowing [from above;
Forth from the throne of God, pure
Come to the feast of love; come ever
knowing [can remove.
Earth has no sorrow but heaven

No. 41. To-Day. 6s & 4s.



1. To-day the Saviour calls!
Ye wanderers, come;
Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?
2. To-day the Saviour calls!
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.
3. The Spirit calls to-day!
Yield to His power;
Oh, grieve Him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

REV. S. F. SMITH

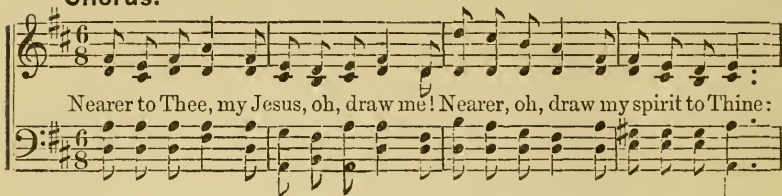
No. 42. Nearer to Thee.

"Draw me, and I will run after thee."—CANT. i. 14.

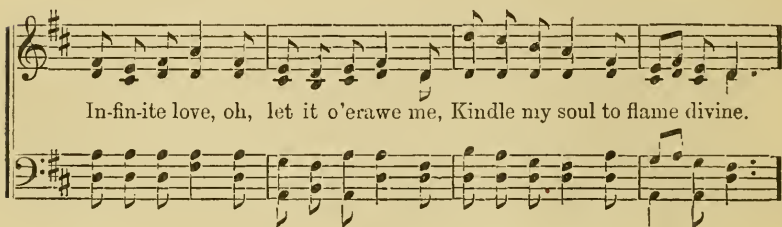
J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Lambillotte, arr. by E. S. L.

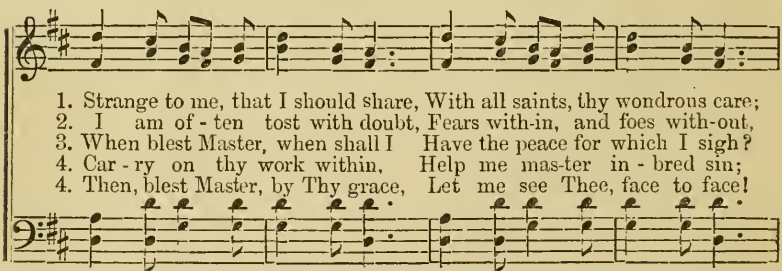
Chorus.



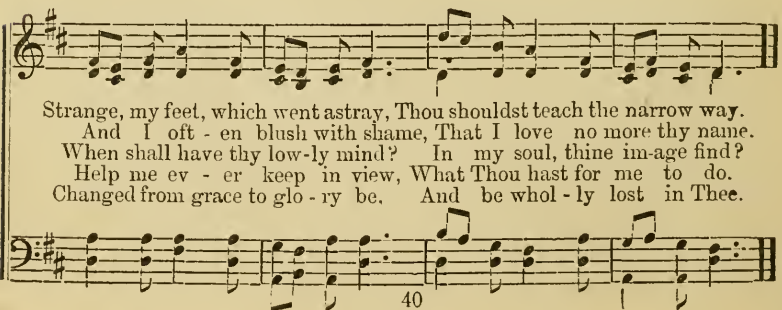
Nearer to Thee, my Jesus, oh, draw me! Nearer, oh, draw my spirit to Thine:



In-fin-ite love, oh, let it o'erawe me, Kindle my soul to flame divine.



1. Strange to me, that I should share, With all saints, thy wondrous care;
2. I am of - ten tost with doubt, Fears with-in, and foes with-out,
3. When blest Master, when shall I Have the peace for which I sigh?
4. Car - ry on thy work within, Help me mas - ter in - bred sin;
4. Then, blest Master, by Thy grace, Let me see Thee, face to face!



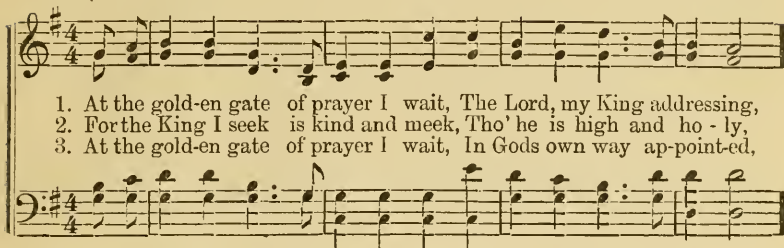
Strange, my feet, which went astray, Thou shouldst teach the narrow way.
 And I oft - en blush with shame, That I love no more thy name.
 When shall have thy low-ly mind? In my soul, thine im-age find?
 Help me ev - er keep in view, What Thou hast for me to do.
 Changed from grace to glo - ry be, And be whol - ly lost in Thee.

No. 43. The Golden Gate of Prayer.

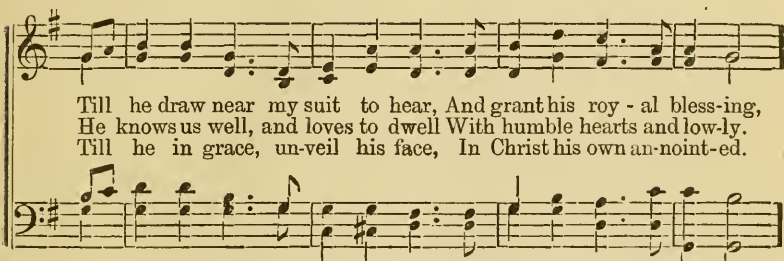
"Thy gates shall be open continually: Thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise."—ISA. LX. 11, 18.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

REV. S. MORRISON.



1. At the gold-en gate of prayer I wait, The Lord, my King addressing,
 2. For the King I seek is kind and meek, Tho' he is high and ho - ly,
 3. At the gold-en gate of prayer I wait, In Gods own way ap-point-ed,

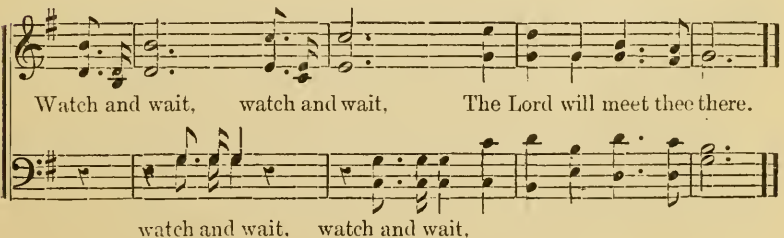


Till he draw near my suit to hear, And grant his roy - al bless-ing,
 He knows us well, and loves to dwell With humble hearts and low-ly.
 Till he in grace, un-veil his face, In Christ his own an-noint-ed.

Chorus.



Gold-en gate, gold-en gate, The gold - en gate of prayer,
 gold-en gate, gold-en gate,

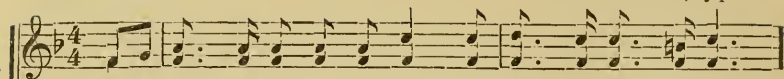


Watch and wait, watch and wait, The Lord will meet thee there.
 watch and wait. watch and wait,

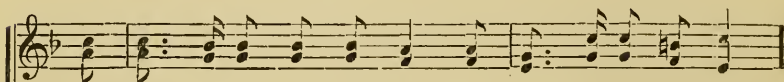
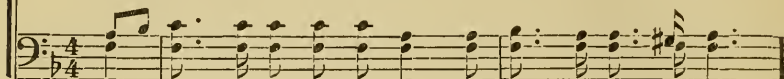
No. 44. Be Thou Faithful.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

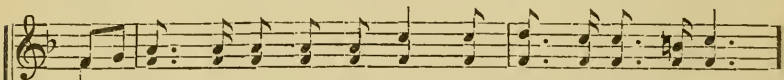
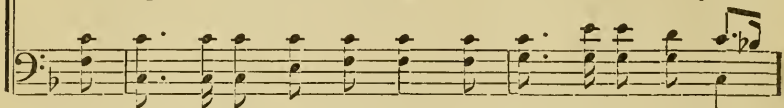
JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.



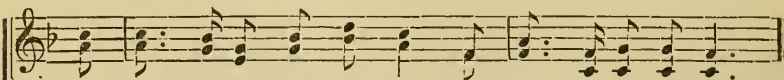
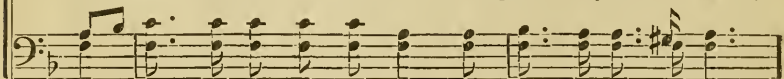
1. How goes the bat - tle, broth-er? What news a-long the line?
2. How goes the bat - tle, broth-er? There's glo - ry on be - fore.
3. How goes the bat - tle, broth-er? Canst look a -bove the storm?
4. How goes the bat - tle, broth-er? I hear our Lead - er's voice:



Dost see our ho - ly stand-ard a - bove the ramparts shine,
 Though some fall by the way - side, and some are wound-ed sore;
 God's hosts are pressing on - ward, the con - flict wax - es warm;
 It rings a -bove the con - flict, It bids us all re - joice.



The foe is charging on us, but God is on our side;
 But midst the toil and sor - row, the cross is lift - ed high;
 The ranks of sin are break-ing, our Lead - er cheers us on;
 O ar - mies of sal - va - tion, how great is your re - ward;



We must not shrink from dan-ger, who serve the Cru - ci - fied;
 Press on in faith u - nit - ed, we con - quer when we die;
 Be brave a lit - tle lon - ger, the day is al-most won.
 The vic - to - ry is cer - tain to those who trust the Lord;



Be Thou Faithful—Concluded.

The voi - ces of our com-rades, they ring above the field
 "Be faith-ful" gasp the dy-ing,—their last words whisper cheer,
 Above the dust, the blood, the tears, an an - gel cho-rus rings.
 The glorious voice of Je - sus, it cheers us on be - fore;

The cry is no sur-ren - der, fight on and nev - er yield;"
 Fill up the ranks for Je - sus, and leave no place for fear;
 "Be faith - ful, fel - low sol - diers, ye serve the King of Kings,"
 'Tis sweet - er than the an - gel's song upon the gol - den shore.

Chorus.

Be faith - ful, O be faith - ful, Soon ends the bat - tle strife;

O be thou faithful un - to death, and win a crown of life.

No. 45. Not Half Has Ever Been Told.

And the building of the wall of it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold,
like unto clear glass.—REV., 21 : 18.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

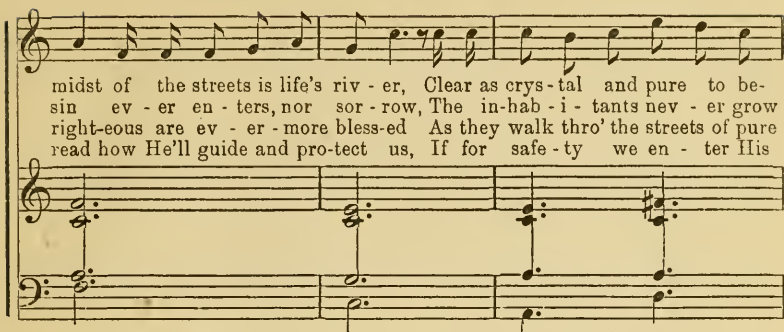
Melody, O. F. PRESBRY.
Arranged, J. W. BISCHOFF.

1. I have read of a beau-ti-ful cit-y, Far a-
2. I have read of bright man-sions in Heav-en, Which the
3. I have read of white robes for the right-eous, Of bright
4. I have read of a Christ so for-giv-ing, That vile

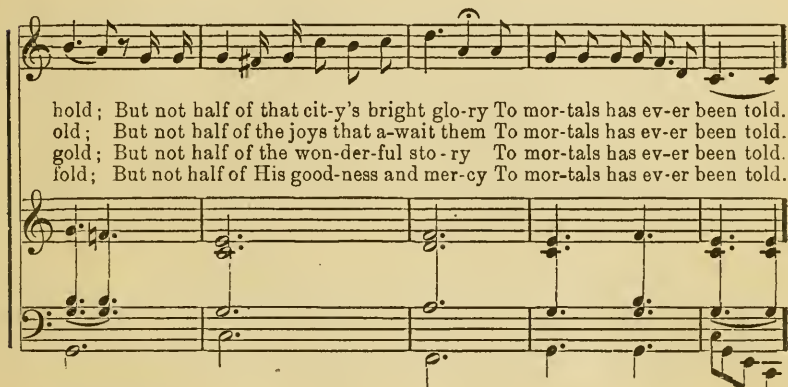
way in the king-dom of God; I have read how its walls are of
Sav-iour has gone to pre-pare; Where the saints who on earth have been
crowns which the glo-ri-fied wear, When our Fath-er shall bid them "Come
sin-ners may ask and re-ceive Peace and par-don from ev-'ry trans-

jas-per, How its streets are all gold-en and broad. In the
faith-ful, Rest for-ev-er with Christ o-ver there; There no
en-ter, And my glo-ry e-ter-nal-ly share;" How the
gres-sion, If when ask-ing they on-ly be-lieve. I have

Not Half Has Ever Been Told--Concluded.

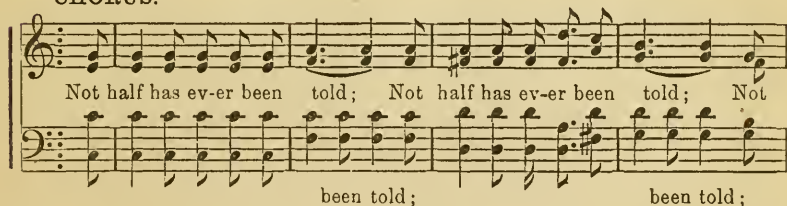


midst of the streets is life's riv - er, Clear as crys - tal and pure to be -
sin ev - er en - ters, nor sor - row, The in - hab - i - tants nev - er grow
right - eous are ev - er - more bless - ed As they walk thro' the streets of pure
read how He'll guide and pro - tect us, If for safe - ty we en - ter His



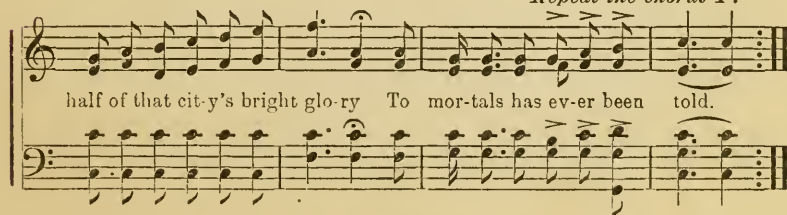
hold; But not half of that cit - y's bright glo - ry To mor - tals has ev - er been told.
old; But not half of the joys that a - wait them To mor - tals has ev - er been told.
gold; But not half of the won - der - ful sto - ry To mor - tals has ev - er been told.
fold; But not half of His good - ness and mer - cy To mor - tals has ev - er been told.

CHORUS.



Not half has ev - er been told; Not half has ev - er been told; Not
been told; been told;

Repeat the chorus P.



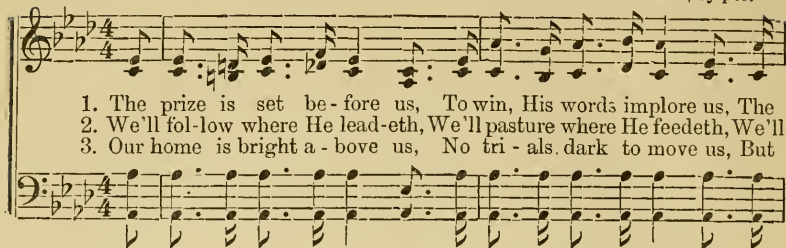
half of that cit - y's bright glo - ry To mor - tals has ev - er been told.

No. 46. Triumph By and By.

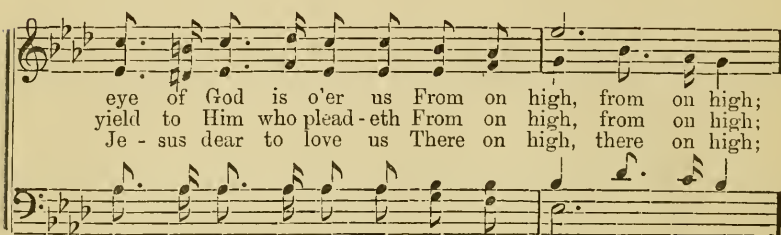
"I press toward the mark."—PHIL. iii. 14.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

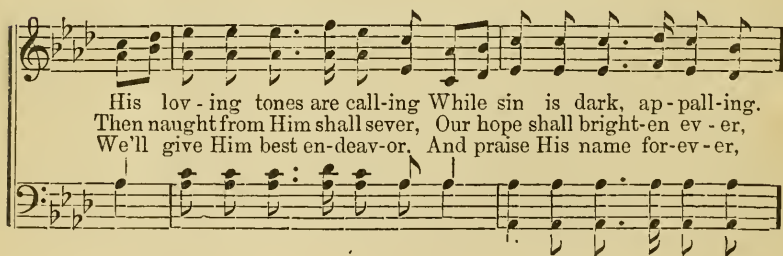
H. R. PALMER, by per.



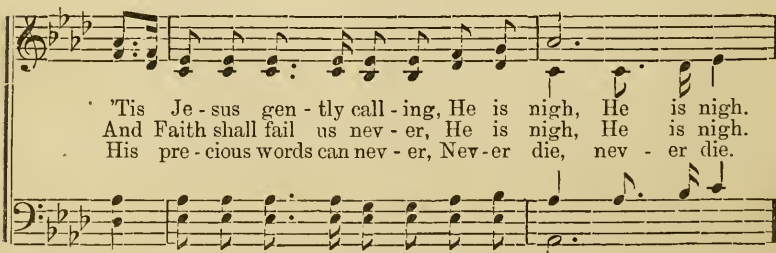
1. The prize is set be-fore us, To win, His words implore us, The
 2. We'll fol-low where He lead-eth, We'll pasture where He feedeth, We'll
 3. Our home is bright a-bove us, No tri-als dark to move us, But



eye of God is o'er us From on high, from on high;
 yield to Him who plead-eth From on high, from on high;
 Je-sus dear to love us There on high, there on high;



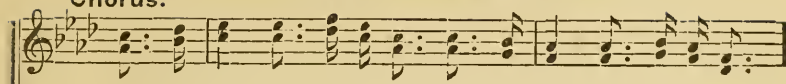
His lov-ing tones are call-ing While sin is dark, ap-pall-ing.
 Then naught from Him shall sever, Our hope shall bright-en ev-er,
 We'll give Him best en-deav-or. And praise His name for-ev-er,



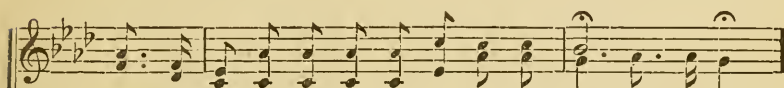
'Tis Je-sus gen-tly call-ing, He is nigh, He is nigh.
 And Faith shall fail us nev-er, He is nigh, He is nigh.
 His pre-cious words can nev-er, Nev-er die, nev-er die.

Triumph By and By--Concluded.

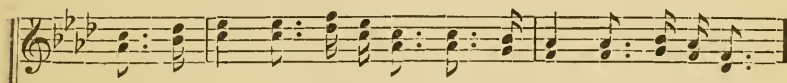
Chorus.



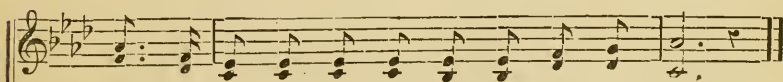
By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him,



And with Je - sus reign in glo - ry, By and by, by and by;



By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him,



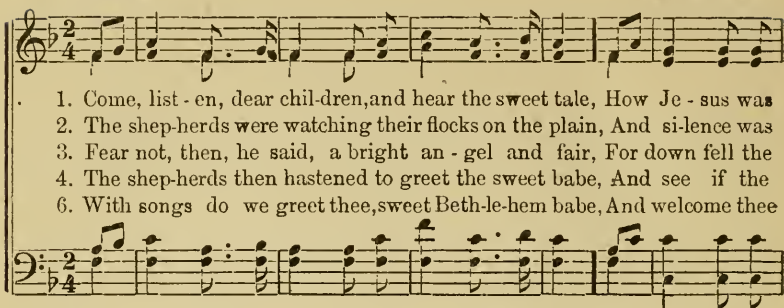
And with Je - sus reign in glo - ry, By and by.

No. 47. The First Christmas Below.

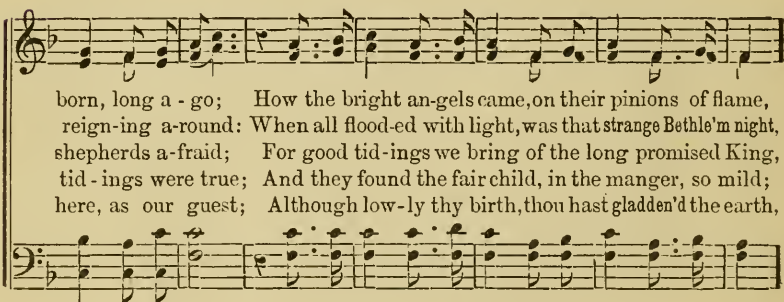
"Lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them."—LUKE ii. 9.

R. E. JEREMY.

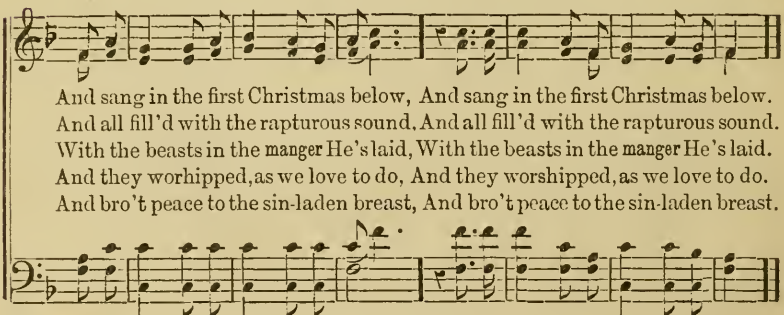
M. SAMUELS.



1. Come, list - en, dear chil-dren, and hear the sweet tale, How Je - sus was
 2. The shep-herds were watching their flocks on the plain, And si-lence was
 3. Fear not, then, he said, a bright an - gel and fair, For down fell the
 4. The shep-herds then hastened to greet the sweet babe, And see if the
 6. With songs do we greet thee, sweet Beth-le-hem babe, And welcome thee



born, long a - go; How the bright an-gels came, on their pinions of flame,
 reign-ing a-round: When all flood-ed with light, was that strange Bethle'm night,
 shepherds a-fraid; For good tid-ings we bring of the long promised King,
 tid-ings were true; And they found the fair child, in the manger, so mild;
 here, as our guest; Although low-ly thy birth, thou hast gladden'd the earth,



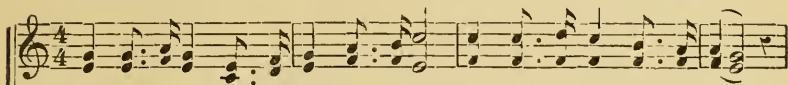
And sang in the first Christmas below, And sang in the first Christmas below.
 And all fill'd with the rapturous sound, And all fill'd with the rapturous sound.
 With the beasts in the manger He's laid, With the beasts in the manger He's laid.
 And they worshipped, as we love to do, And they worshipped, as we love to do.
 And bro't peace to the sin-laden breast, And bro't peace to the sin-laden breast.

No. 48. Oh, Had I Wings Like a Dove.

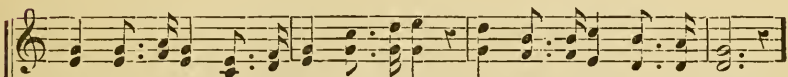
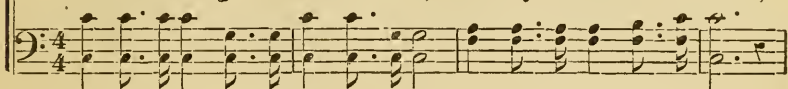
"Oh, that I had wings like a dove."—Ps. lv. 6.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

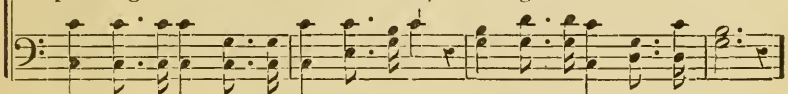
REV. S. MORRISON.



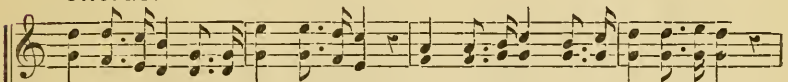
1. Oh, had I wings like a dove, I would fly Far to yon ha-ven of rest,
2. Here there's distress, there is suff'ring and woe, There, the blest soul has repose;
3. How like the wings of a dove it will be, When my Lord Je-sus shall come;



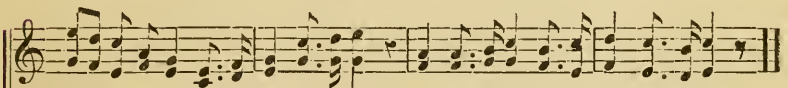
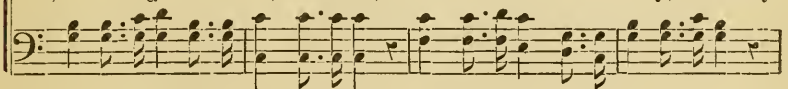
Where never heart is distressed with a sigh, And never ruf-fled a breast.
Noth-ing but tri-als and sorrows below: There, a sweet balm for all woes.
Speak-ing in ac-cents of love un-to me, Bearing His ransomed one home.



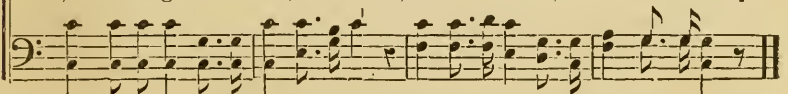
Chorus.



Oh, had I wings like a dove, like a dove, Far from this world I would fly, I would fly:



Oh, had I wings like a dove, like a dove, Soon I'd be lost, I'd be lost in the sky.



No. 49. Fair Freedom's Land.

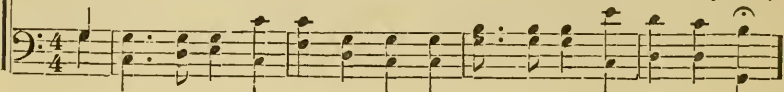
"A land flowing with milk and honey."—Ex. iii. 8.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

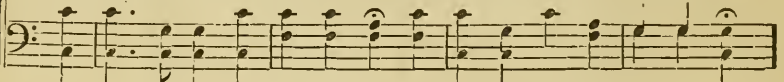
KARL REDEN.



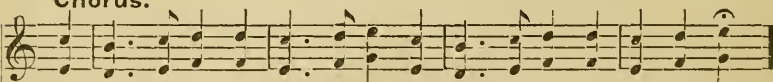
1. Oh, land of all earth's lands, the best, Fair Freedom's empire in the West;
2. Our fath-ers came as ex-iles here, They saw our day with vision clear,
3. Shall we the sons of Pilgrim sires, Neg-lect to kindle fresh the fires,
4. Ah, no! by faith, Christ's standard goes Beyond Sierra's dis-tant snows;
5. Ah, no! by faith this land I see, In Christ's own freedom, doub-ly free;



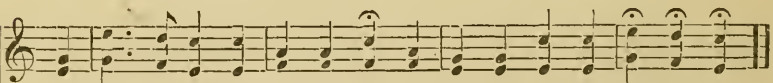
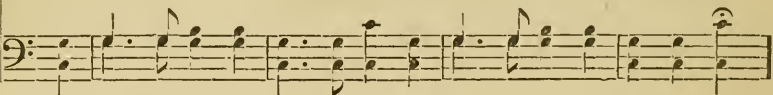
From ris - ing to the set - ing sun, All na - tions here u - nite in one.
 Despised at home, the corner-stones Which God, the nation's Builder owns.
 They light-ed on Atlantic's coast, Which make our land of lands, the boast.
 To where Pa-ci fic's waters lie, Be-neath the gold-en sun-set sky.
 From North to South, from East to West, Beneath His gentle sceptre blest.



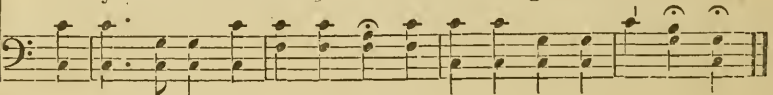
Chorus.



Fair Freedom's land! Fair Freedom's land! Begirt with might, long may she stand



nd may her realm Christ's kingdom be From lake to gulf, from sea to sea.

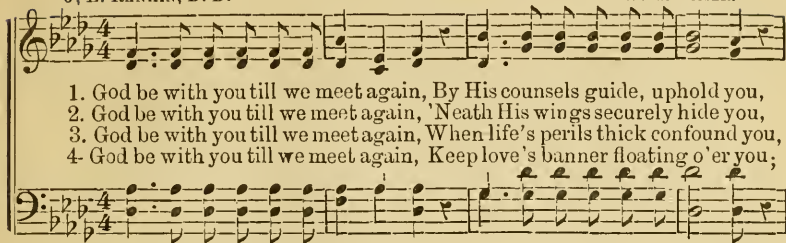


No. 50. God be with You.

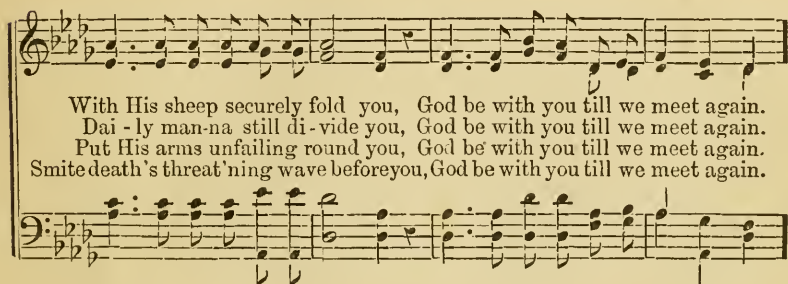
"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—ROM. xvi. 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER.

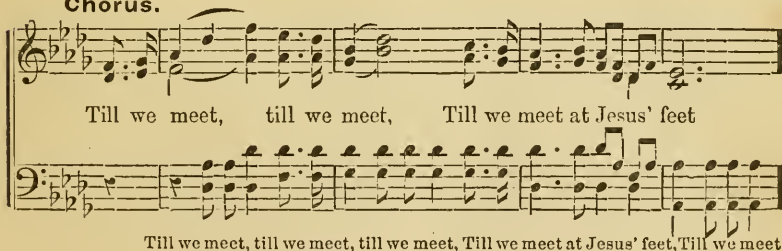


1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;



With His sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
 Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet again.
 Put His arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

Chorus.



Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet, Till we meet



Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.

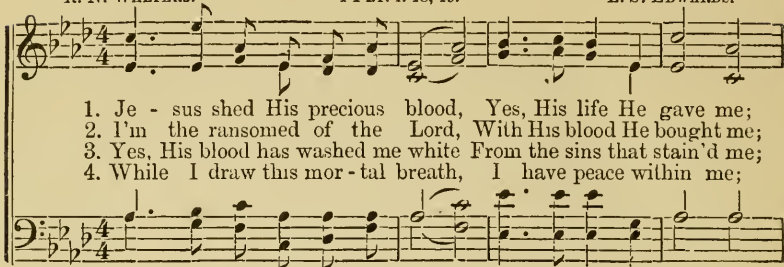
No. 51. I'm Redeemed, Bought with a Price.

"Not redeemed with corruptible things, but with the precious blood of Christ."—

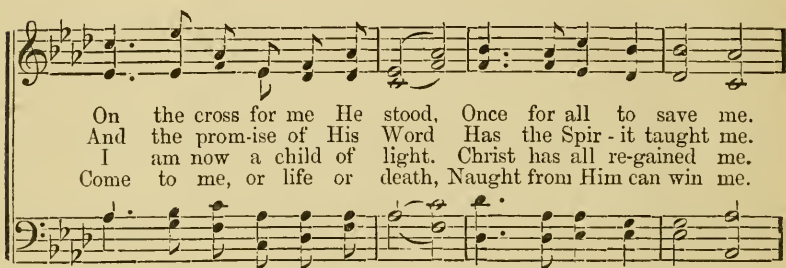
R. N. WALTERS.

1 PET. i. 18, 19.

L. S. EDWARDS.

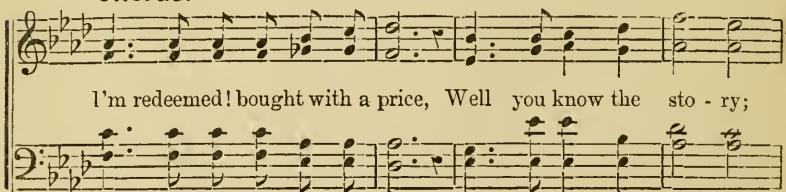


1. Je - sus shed His precious blood, Yes, His life He gave me;
 2. I'm the ransomed of the Lord, With His blood He bought me;
 3. Yes, His blood has washed me white From the sins that stain'd me;
 4. While I draw this mor - tal breath, I have peace within me;

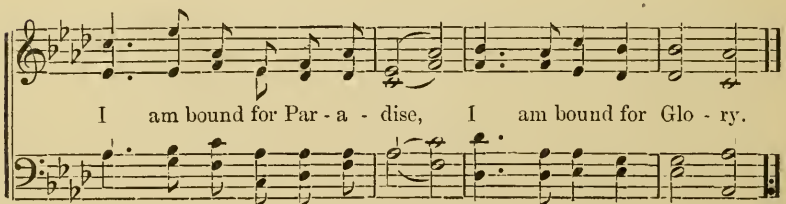


On the cross for me He stood, Once for all to save me.
 And the prom - ise of His Word Has the Spir - it taught me.
 I am now a child of light. Christ has all re-gained me.
 Come to me, or life or death, Naught from Him can win me.

Chorus.



I'm redeemed! bought with a price, Well you know the sto - ry;



I am bound for Par - a - disce, I am bound for Glo - ry.

No. 52. Anything.

Not what I will, but what thou wilt.—MARK, 14 : 36.

LUCY J. RIDER.

1. An - y - thing Thou send - est me, Lord, I would re - ceive
 2. Lord, what mat - ters it to me—So Thy will be done—
 3. An - y - thing Thou send - est me—May I count it gain,

As a to - ken of Thy love, Which can ne'er de - ceive.
 Where my earth - ly path may lie Till my set - ting sun?
 Tho' to earth - ly sight it seem Loss and bit - ter pain.

Should the pall of sor - row shroud, Help my faith to pierce the cloud;
 Will - ing Thou my life should'st use, Will - ing Thou my way should'st choose;
 What - so - e'er Thy love de - ny, Bid me live, or bid me die,

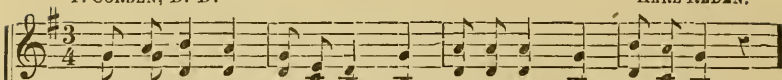
Help my heart to sing a - loud—"Fa - ther, an - y - thing!"
 What Thou send - est ne'er re - fuse—Fa - ther, an - y - thing!
 Help my in - most soul to cry—"Fa - ther, an - y - thing!"

No. 53. Precious is the Name of Jesus.

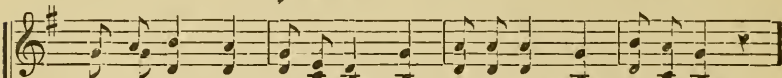
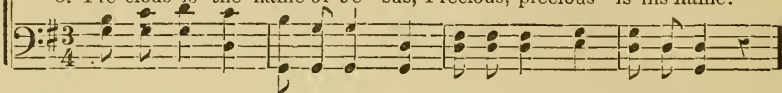
"And hath given Him a name above every name."—PHIL. ii. 9.

T. CORBEN, D. D.

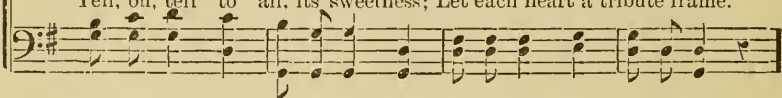
KARL REDEN.



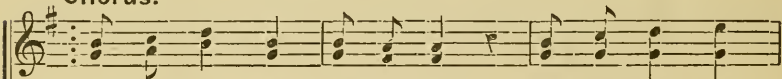
1. Pre-cious is the name of Je - sus, Name all oth - er names a-bove;
2. Pre-cious is the name of Je-sus, Breathed in prayer, or breathed in song;
3. Pre-cious is the name of Je - sus, To the anx - ious sinner's ear;
4. Pre-cious is the name of Je-sus, When are flick'ring nature's fires;
5. Pre-cious is the name of Je - sus, Precious, precious is his name!



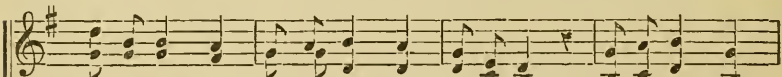
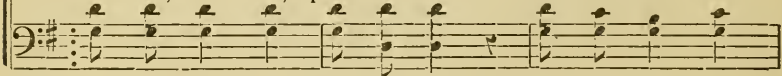
Ev - 'ry knee shall bow before Him, Ev'ry tongue shall speak His love.
Sooth-ing all our griefs to si-lence. Waking raptures on each tongue.
Waking hope of peace and par-don, Dis-si-pa-ting ev'-ry fear.
When up-on His faithful bo - som, The triumphant saint ex-pires.
Tell, oh, tell to all, its sweetness; Let each heart a tribute frame.



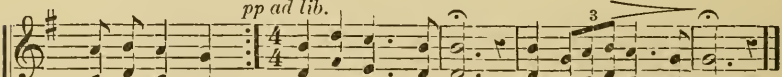
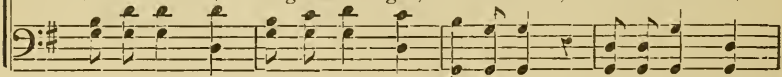
Chorus.



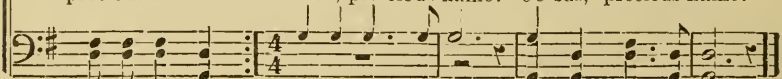
Je - sus, Sav - iour, pre-cious name! Pre - cious is the



name of Je - sus. Through all a - ges, still the same; Je-sus, Je - sus,



preclous Je - sus! Jesus, pre-cious name! Je-sus, precious name!

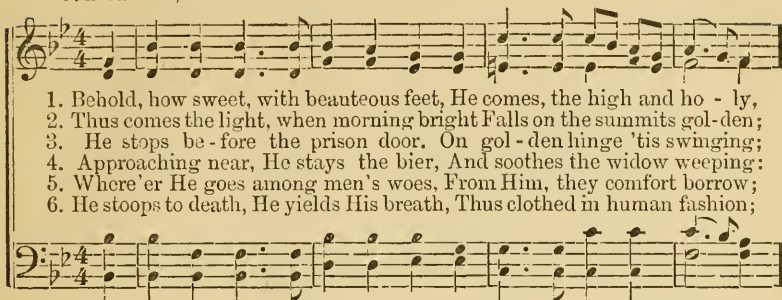


No. 54. Behold, How Sweet.

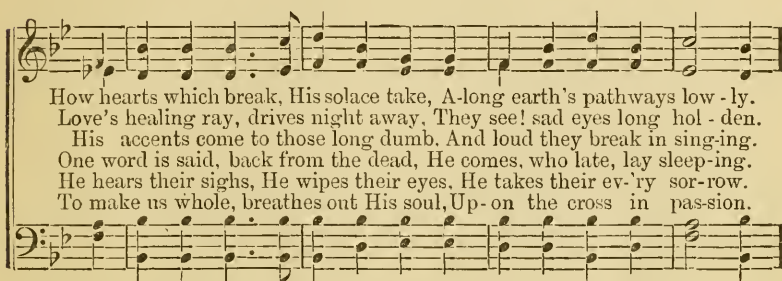
"Behold my servant, whom I uphold."—Is. xlii. 1.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Rev. S. MORRISON.

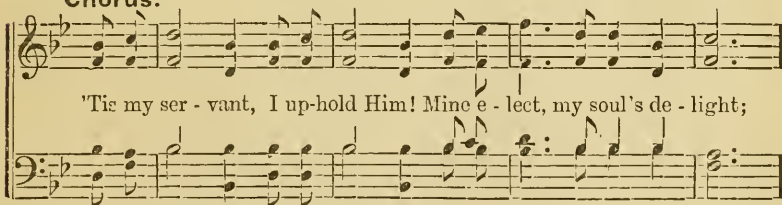


1. Behold, how sweet, with beauteous feet, He comes, the high and ho - ly,
 2. Thus comes the light, when morning bright Falls on the summits gol - den;
 3. He stops be - fore the prison door. On gol - den hinge 'tis swinging;
 4. Approaching near, He stays the bier, And soothes the widow weeping;
 5. Where'er He goes among men's woes, From Him, they comfort borrow;
 6. He stoops to death, He yields His breath, Thus clothed in human fashion;



How hearts which break, His solace take, A-long earth's pathways low - ly.
 Love's healing ray, drives night away, They see! sad eyes long hol - den.
 His accents come to those long dumb, And loud they break in sing-ing.
 One word is said, back from the dead, He comes, who late, lay sleep-ing.
 He hears their sighs, He wipes their eyes, He takes their ev-ry sor-row.
 To make us whole, breathes out His soul, Up-on the cross in pas-sion.

Chorus.



'Tis my ser - vant, I up-hold Him! Mine e - lect, my soul's de - light;



All ye lost, be-hold, be-hold Him; He is precious in my sight.

No. 55. Blessed Jesus.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 PET. ii. 7

O. F. P.

CTIS F. PRESBRY.

Cheerfully.

1. O how hap-py I should be, Je-sus loves and cares for me;
 2. When my heart is lone and sad, Thy sure prom-ise makes me glad;
 3. When this fleeting life is o'er, I will sing on yon-der shore;

Ev-er hears me when I pray, Lis-tens to each word I say.
 Thou wilt light-en ev-'ry task, Al-ways help when-e'er I ask.
 Bless-ed Je-sus, I shall be Hap-py thro' e-ter-ni-ty.

Chorus.

Bless-ed Je-sus, 'twas for me, Thou did'st suf-fer on the tree;

Pre-cious Sav-iour, may I be, Dai-ly more and more like Thee?

No. 56. Hebron. L. M.

1. Jesus, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee!
 Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2. Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
 No! when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere His name.

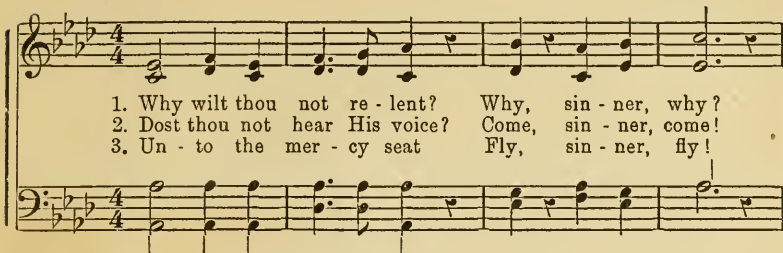
3. Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
 When I've no guilt to wash away;
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fear to quell, no soul to save.

No. 57. Eternity.

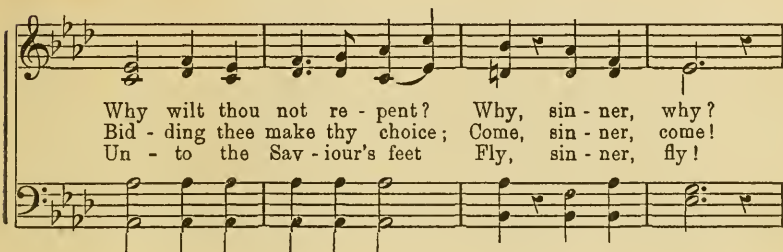
Why will ye die, O house of Israel?—Ez., 33 : 11.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

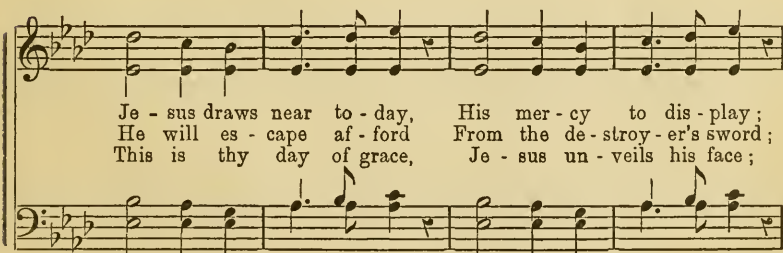
LUCY J. RIDER.



1. Why wilt thou not re - lent? Why, sin - ner, why?
 2. Dost thou not hear His voice? Come, sin - ner, come!
 3. Un - to the mer - cy seat Fly, sin - ner, fly!



Why wilt thou not re - pent? Why, sin - ner, why?
 Bid - ding thee make thy choice; Come, sin - ner, come!
 Un - to the Sav - iour's feet Fly, sin - ner, fly!



Je - sus draws near to - day, His mer - cy to dis - play;
 He will es - cape af - ford From the de - stroy - er's sword;
 This is thy day of grace, Je - sus un - veils his face;



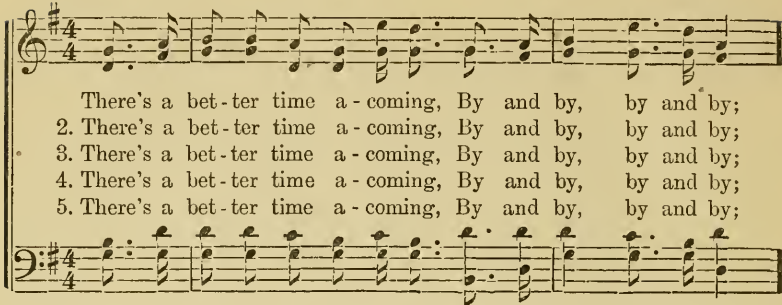
Why wilt thou turn a - way? Why, sin - ner, why?
 Un - to thy wait - ing Lord, Come, sin - ner, come.
 Un - to His glad em - brace, Fly, sin - ner, fly.

No. 58. There's a Better Time A-Coming.

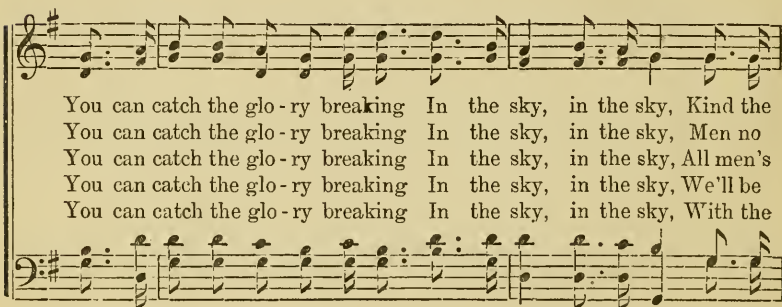
"In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence."—Prov. xiv, 26.

Words and Music by J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

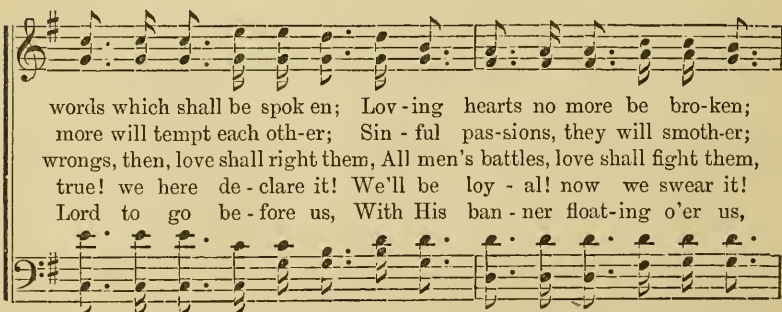
Arr. by J. W. BISCHOFF.



There's a bet-ter time a - coming, By and by, by and by;
 2. There's a bet-ter time a - coming, By and by, by and by;
 3. There's a bet-ter time a - coming, By and by, by and by;
 4. There's a bet-ter time a - coming, By and by, by and by;
 5. There's a bet-ter time a - coming, By and by, by and by;



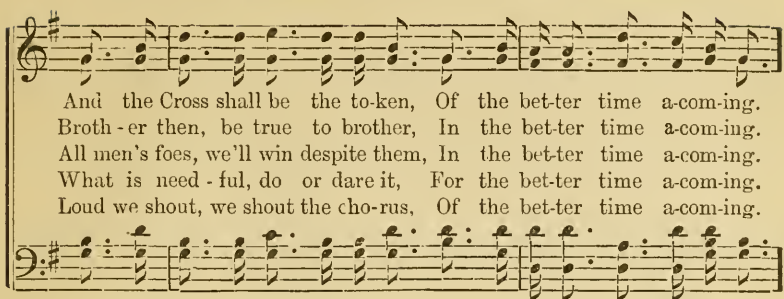
You can catch the glo-ry breaking In the sky, in the sky, Kind the
 You can catch the glo-ry breaking In the sky, in the sky, Men no
 You can catch the glo-ry breaking In the sky, in the sky, All men's
 You can catch the glo-ry breaking In the sky, in the sky, We'll be
 You can catch the glo-ry breaking In the sky, in the sky, With the



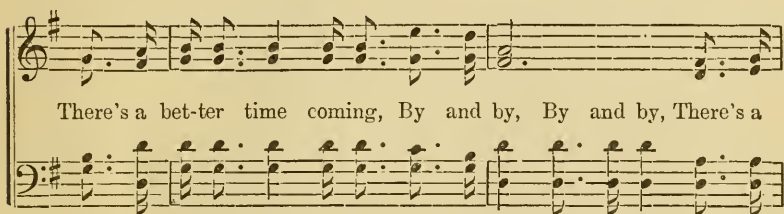
words which shall be spok en; Lov-ing hearts no more be bro-ken;
 more will tempt each oth-er; Sin-ful pas-sions, they will smoth-er;
 wrongs, then, love shall right them, All men's battles, love shall fight them,
 true! we here de-clare it! We'll be loy-al! now we swear it!
 Lord to go be-fore us, With His ban-ner float-ing o'er us,

N. B.—This piece may be sung effectively as Solo and Chorus.

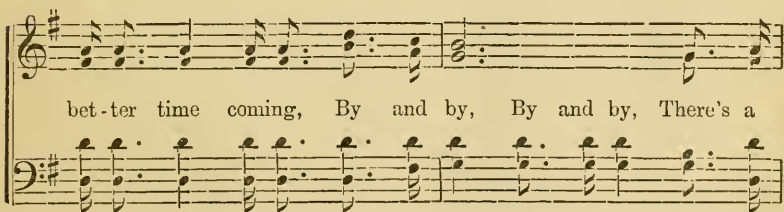
There's a Better Time A-Coming—Concluded.



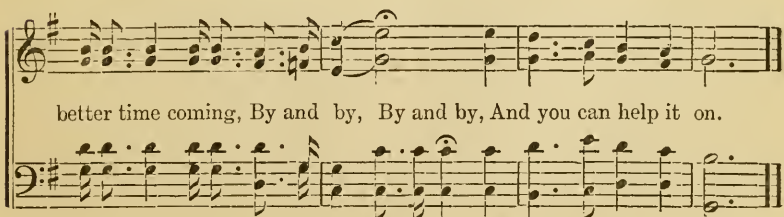
And the Cross shall be the to-ken, Of the bet-ter time a-com-ing.
 Broth-er then, be true to brother, In the bet-ter time a-com-ing.
 All men's foes, we'll win despite them, In the bet-ter time a-com-ing.
 What is need-ful, do or dare it, For the bet-ter time a-com-ing.
 Loud we shout, we shout the cho-rus, Of the bet-ter time a-com-ing.



There's a bet-ter time coming, By and by, By and by, There's a



bet-ter time coming, By and by, By and by, There's a



better time coming, By and by, By and by, And you can help it on.

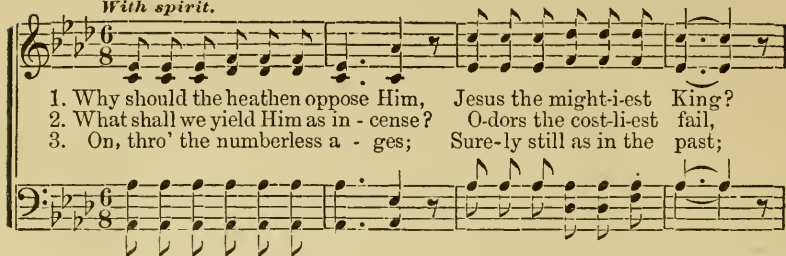
No. 59. The King Who is greatest.

"The blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords."—1 TIM. vi, 15.

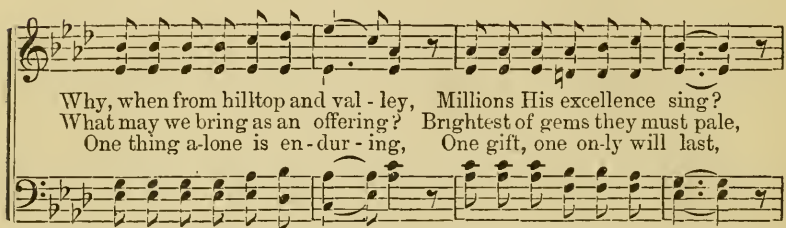
FANNIE E. TOWNSLEY.

J. W. BISCHOFF.

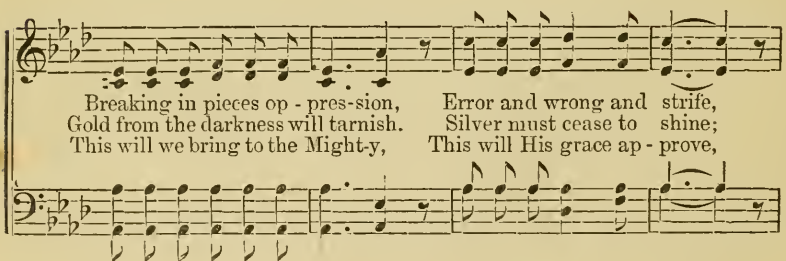
With spirit.



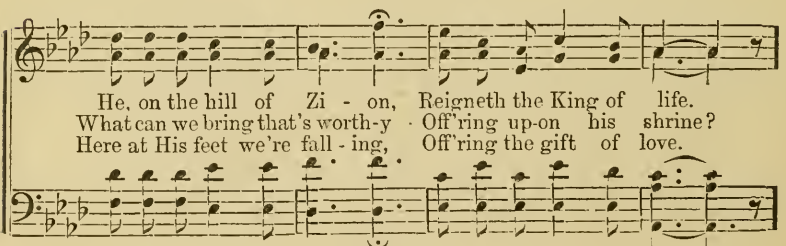
1. Why should the heathen oppose Him, Jesus the might-i-est King?
 2. What shall we yield Him as in - cense? O-dors the cost-li-est fail,
 3. On, thro' the numberless a - ges; Sure-ly still as in the past;



Why, when from hilltop and val - ley, Millions His excellence sing?
 What may we bring as an offering? Brightest of gems they must pale,
 One thing a-lone is en - dur - ing, One gift, one on-ly will last,



Breaking in pieces op - pres-sion, Error and wrong and strife,
 Gold from the darkness will tarnish. Silver must cease to shine;
 This will we bring to the Might-y, This will His grace ap - prove,



He, on the hill of Zi - on, Reigneth the King of life.
 What can we bring that's worth-y Off'ring up-on his shrine?
 Here at His feet we're fall - ing, Off'ring the gift of love.

The King Who is Greatest--Concluded.

Hail, for the King who is greatest, Truest and best of them all,

He will attend when His weak ones Lovingly, trustingly call,

He will attend when His weak ones Lovingly, trustingly call.

No. 60. Martyn. 7s, D.

1. Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.

4. All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

No. 61. Work. 7s & 6s.

1. Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2. Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more

No. 62. The Lord is My Light.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation."—Ps. xxvii. 1.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

J. W. BISCHOFF.

1. The Lord is my light, then why should I fear? By day and by
2. The Lord is my light, though clouds may a-rise; Faith stronger than
3. The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength; I know in His
4. The Lord is my light, my all and in all; There is in His

night His pres-ence is near; He is my sal-va-tion from
sight looks up to the skies; When Je-sus for-ev-er in
might I'll con-quer at length; My weak-ness in mer-cy He
sight no dark-ness at all; He is my Re-deem-er, my

sor-row and sin; This blessed per-sua-sion the Spirit brings in.
glo-ry doth reign, Oh! how can I ev-er in darkness re-main?
cov-ers with power, And walking by faith He saves me each hour.
Saviour and King; With saints and with angels His praises I sing.

Chorus.

The Lord is my light, my joy and my song; By day and by

The Lord is My Light—Concluded.

night He leads me a-long: The Lord is my light, my

joy and my song; By day and by night He leads me a-long.

No. 63. Come, Trembling Soul.

"Be not afraid, only believe."—MARK. v. 36.

J. W. BISCHOFF, by per.

1. Come, trembling soul, be not a-fraid; On Je-sus all thy sins were laid;
 2. The Suff'rer in the gar-den see, The Lamb of God on Cal - va - ry;
 3. The crimson stream, thy Saviour's blood, Has pow'r to bring thee nigh to God;

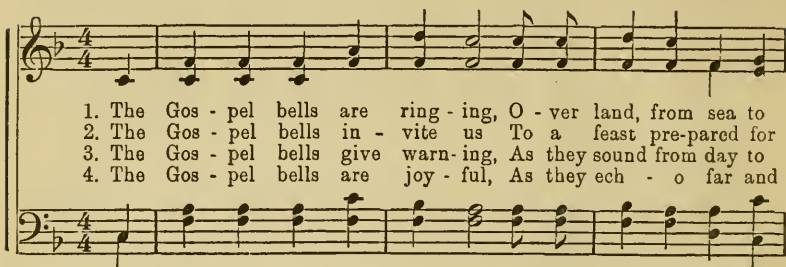
And He thy hopeless debt hath paid, On - ly be-lieve, On - ly be-lieve.
 And all that pain and death for thee! On - ly be-lieve, On - ly be-lieve.
 Cleansed in its precious healing flood, On - ly be-lieve, On - ly be-lieve.

No. 64. The Gospel Bells.

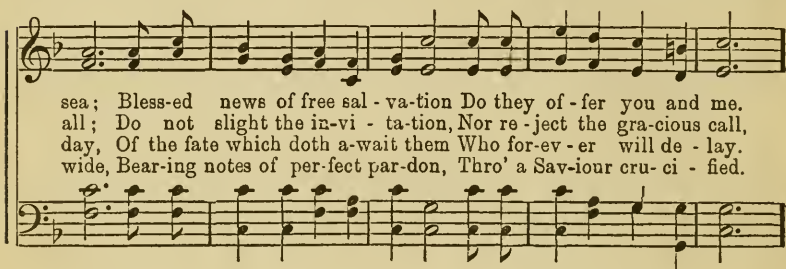
For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son. —JOHN, 3 : 16.

S. WESLEY MARTIN.

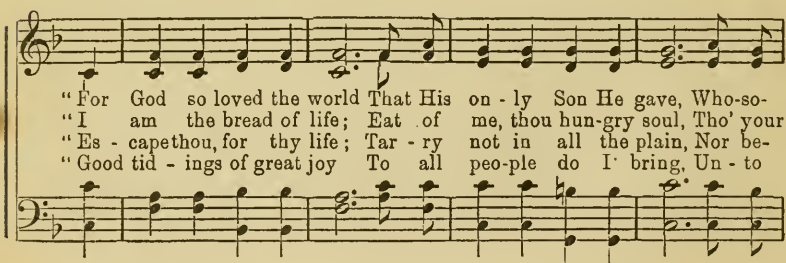
S. W. M.



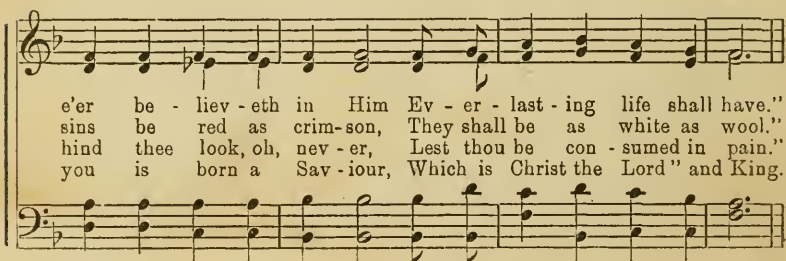
1. The Gos - pel bells are ring - ing, O - ver land, from sea to
 2. The Gos - pel bells in - vite us To a feast pre-pared for
 3. The Gos - pel bells give warn - ing, As they sound from day to
 4. The Gos - pel bells are joy - ful, As they ech - o far and



sea; Bless-ed news of free sal - va-tion Do they of - fer you and me.
 all; Do not slight the in - vi - ta-tion, Nor re - ject the gra-cious call,
 day, Of the fate which doth a-wait them Who for-ev - er will de - lay.
 wide, Bear-ing notes of per-fect par-don, Thro' a Sav-iour cru-ci - fied.



"For God so loved the world That His on - ly Son He gave, Who-so-
 "I am the bread of life; Eat of me, thou hun-gry soul, Tho' your
 "Es - capethou, for thy life; Tar - ry not in all the plain, Nor be-
 "Good tid - ings of great joy To all peo-ple do I' bring, Un - to



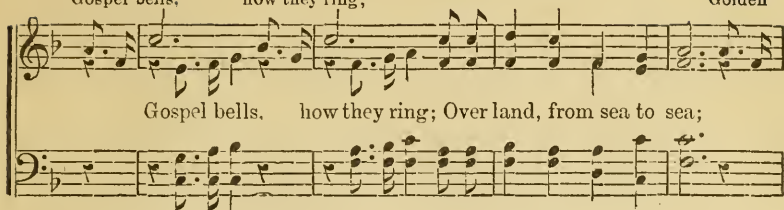
e'er be - liev - eth in Him Ev - er - last - ing life shall have."
 sins be red as crim-son, They shall be as white as wool."
 hind thee look, oh, nev - er, Lest thou be con - sumed in pain."
 you is born a Sav-iour, Which is Christ the Lord" and King.

The Gospel Bells--Concluded.

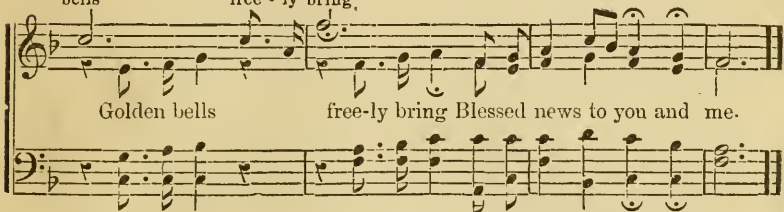
Chorus.

Gospel bells, how they ring;

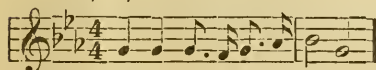
Golden



bells free - ly bring,



No. 65, Shall We Gather.



1. Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod.
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

Спо.—Yes we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river.
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

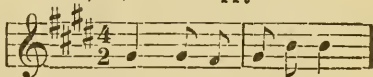
2. On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

3. Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4. Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

R. LOWRY.

No. 66, The Happy Land.



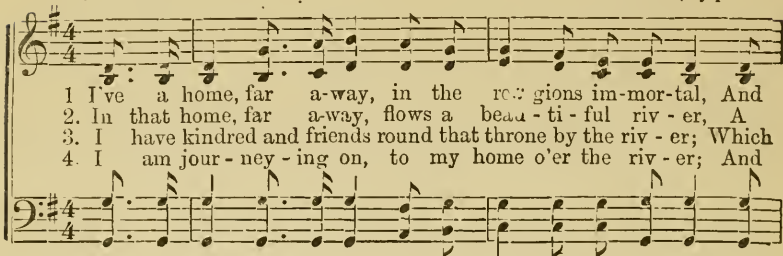
1. There is a happy land,
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.
2. Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.
3. Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then, to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
We'll reign for aye.

No. 67. I Long to be There.

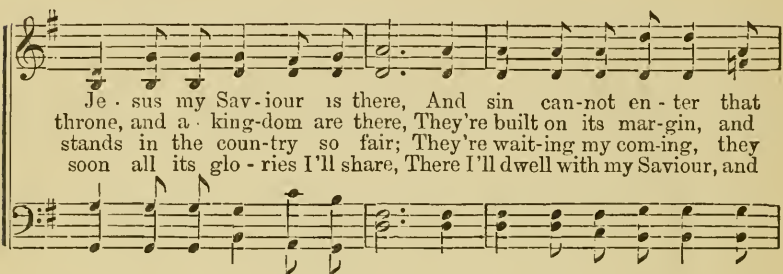
"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—2 COR. v. 1.

W. A. OGDEN.

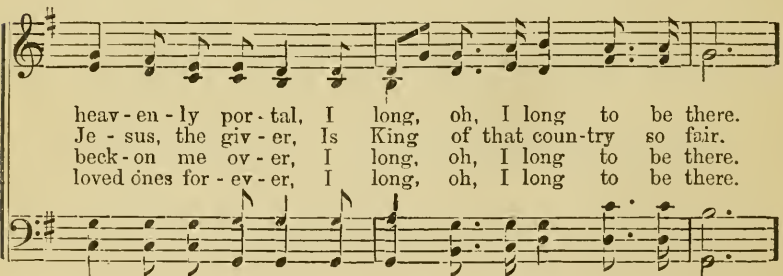
A. J. ABBEY, by per.



1 I've a home, far a-way, in the re-gions im-mor-tal, And
 2 In that home, far a-way, flows a beau-ti-ful riv-er, A
 3 I have kindred and friends round that throne by the riv-er; Which
 4 I am jour-ney-ing on, to my home o'er the riv-er; And

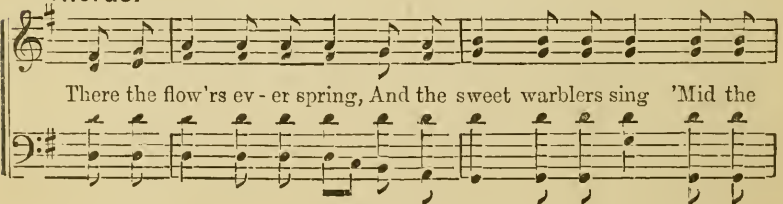


Je-sus my Sav-iour is there, And sin can-not en-ter that
 throne, and a king-dom are there, They're built on its mar-gin, and
 stands in the coun-try so fair; They're wait-ing my com-ing, they
 soon all its glo-ries I'll share, There I'll dwell with my Saviour, and



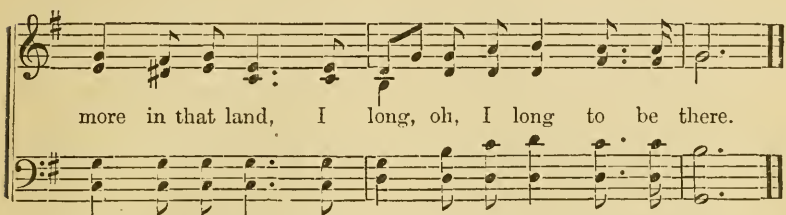
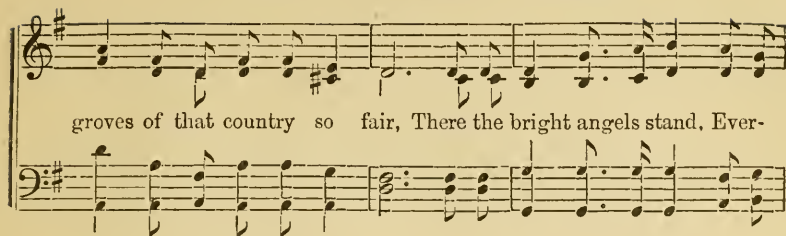
heav-en-ly por-tal, I long, oh, I long to be there.
 Je-sus, the giv-er, Is King of that coun-try so fair.
 beck-on me ov-er, I long, oh, I long to be there.
 loved ones for-ev-er, I long, oh, I long to be there.

Chorus.



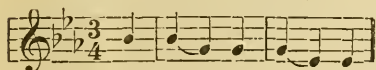
There the flow'rs ev-er spring, And the sweet warblers sing 'Mid the

I Long to be There--Concluded



No. 68. Ariel. C. P. M.

No. 69. Frederic



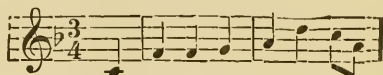
1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
||: In notes almost divine.:||

2. I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
||: My soul shall ever shine.:||

3. I'd sing the character he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
||: Make all his glories known.:||

4. Soon the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord shall bring me
And I shall see his face: [home,
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
||: Triumphant in his grace.:||

MEDLEY.



1. I would not live alway; I ask not to
stay
Where storm after storm rises dark
o'er the way,
The few lurid mornings that dawn
on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full e-
nough for its cheer.

2. Who, who would live alway, away
from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful
abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er
the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally
reigns?

3. Where the saints of all ages in har-
mony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren trans-
ported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceas-
ingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast
of the soul.

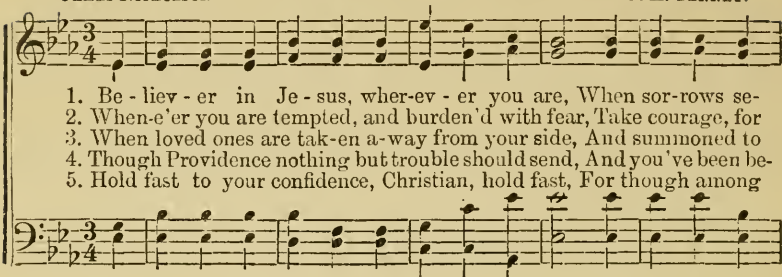
MUHLENEBURGH.

No. 70. He Careth for You.

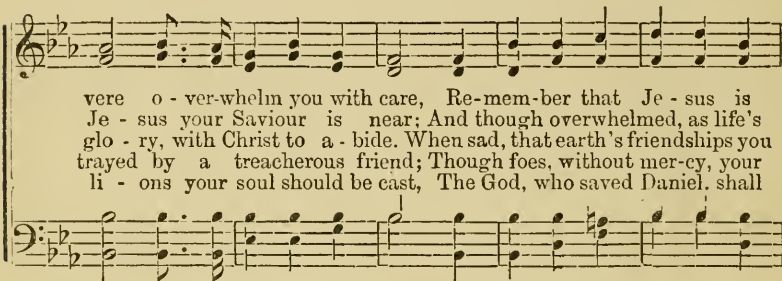
"Casting your care on Him; for He careth for you."—1 PET. v. 7.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

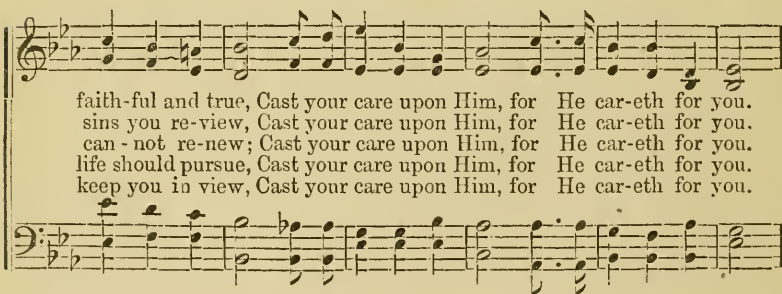
J. H. TENNEY.



1. Be - liev - er in Je - sus, wher - ev - er you are, When sor - rows se -
 2. When - e'er you are tempted, and burden'd with fear, Take courage, for
 3. When loved ones are tak - en a - way from your side, And summoned to
 4. Though Providence nothing but trouble should send, And you've been be -
 5. Hold fast to your confidence, Christian, hold fast, For though among

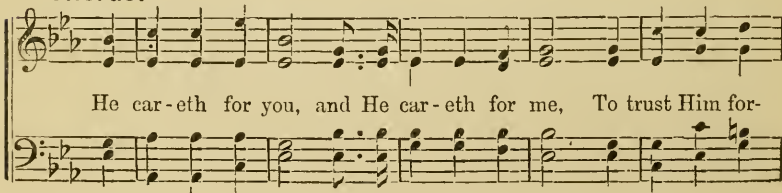


vere o - ver - whelm you with care, Re - mem - ber that Je - sus is
 Je - sus your Saviour is near; And though overwhelmed, as life's
 glo - ry, with Christ to a - bide. When sad, that earth's friendships you
 trayed by a treacherous friend; Though foes, without mer - cy, your
 li - ons your soul should be cast, The God, who saved Daniel, shall



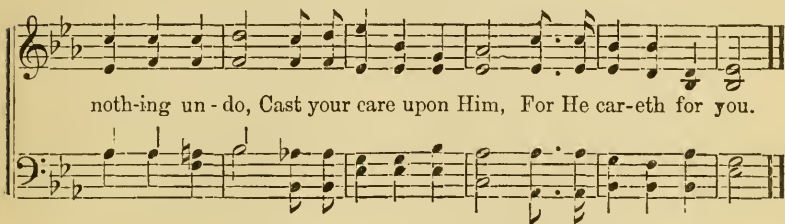
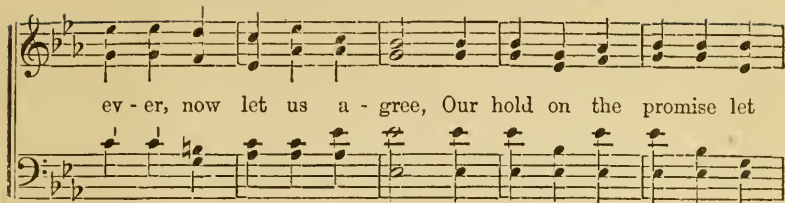
faith - ful and true, Cast your care upon Him, for He car - eth for you.
 sins you re - view, Cast your care upon Him, for He car - eth for you.
 can - not re - new; Cast your care upon Him, for He car - eth for you.
 life should pursue, Cast your care upon Him, for He car - eth for you.
 keep you in view, Cast your care upon Him, for He car - eth for you.

Chorus.

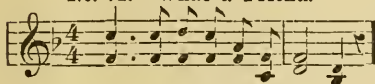


He car - eth for you, and He car - eth for me, To trust Him for

He Careth for You--Concluded.



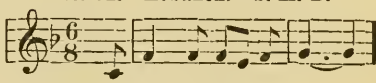
No. 71. What a Friend.



1. What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit!
Oh, what needless pain we bear!
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer.
2. Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful.
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
3. Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Rev. H. BONAR, D. D.

No. 72. Lebanon. S. M. D.



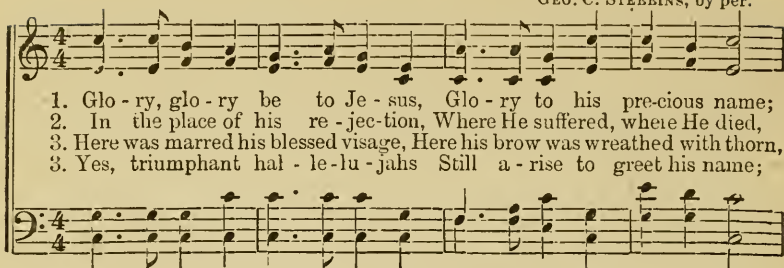
1. I was a wandering sheep;
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child;
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice;
I loved afar to roam.
2. The Shepherd sought his sheep.
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill.
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.
3. Jesus my shepherd is;
'Twas He that loved my soul;
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole;
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

Dr. H. BONAR.

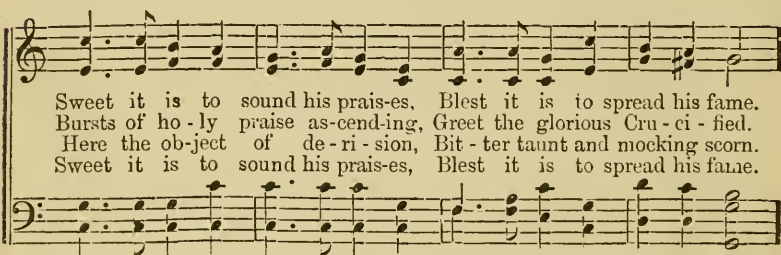
No. 73. Glory Be to Jesus' Name.

"Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy name?"—REV. XV. 4.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

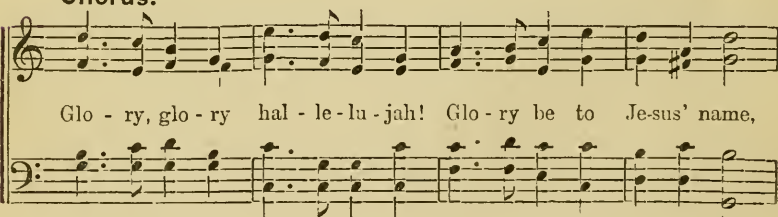


1. Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus, Glo - ry to his pre - cious name;
 2. In the place of his re - jec - tion, Where He suffered, where He died,
 3. Here was marred his blessed visage, Here his brow was wreathed with thorn,
 3. Yes, triumphant hal - le - lu - jahs Still a - rise to greet his name;

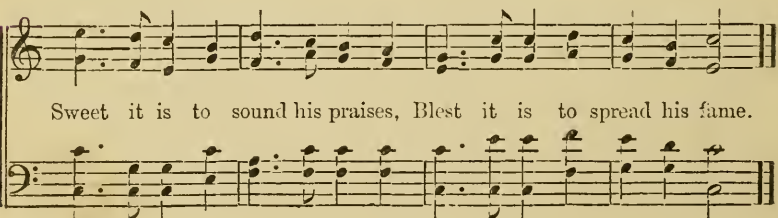


Sweet it is to sound his prais-es, Blest it is to spread his fame.
 Bursts of ho - ly praise as - cend - ing, Greet the glorious Cru - ci - fied.
 Here the ob - ject of de - ri - sion, Bit - ter taunt and mocking scorn.
 Sweet it is to sound his prais-es, Blest it is to spread his fame.

Chorus.



Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry be to Je - sus' name,



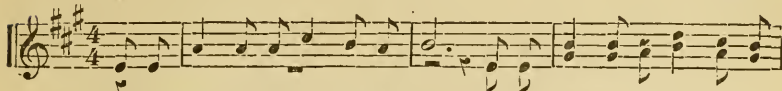
Sweet it is to sound his praises, Blest it is to spread his fame.

No. 74. When I Walk Thro' the Valley.

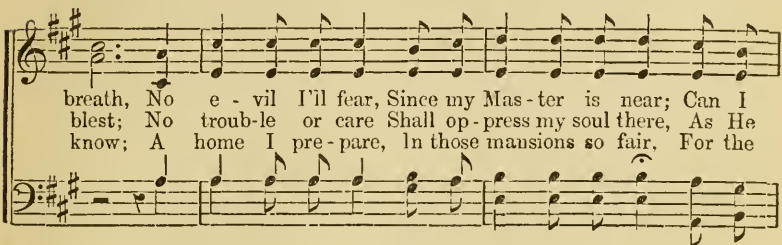
"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."—Ps. xxiii. 4.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

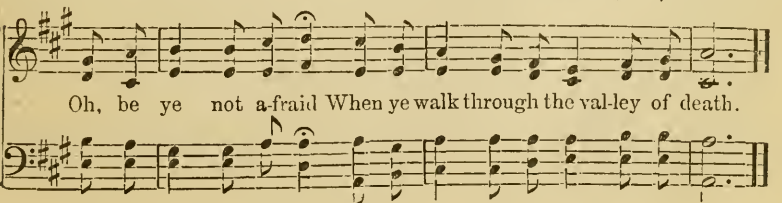
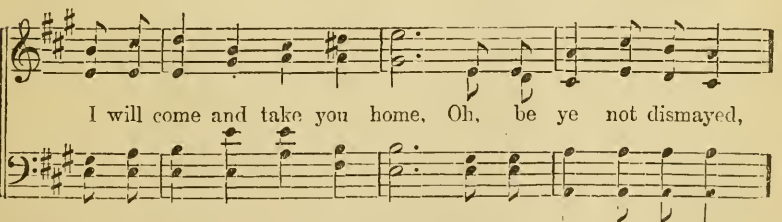
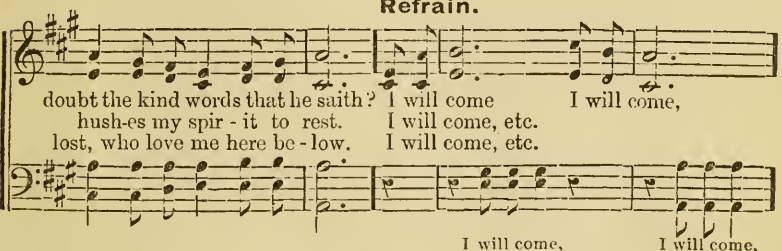
J. E. RANKIN.



1. When I walk through the valley of death, When I yield up to Jes - us my
2. I will lean my poor head on His breast, I will sleep the sweet sleep of the
3. I will come, come again, if I go, And the place and the way well ye



Refrain.

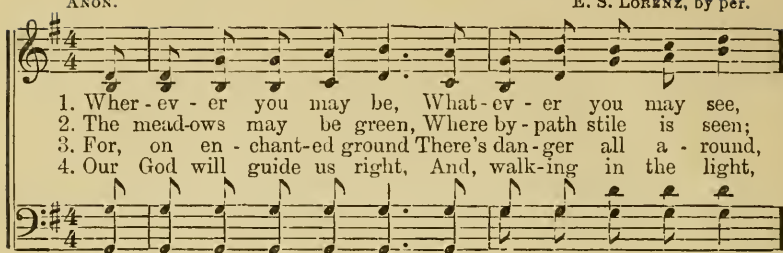


No. 75. The King's Highway.

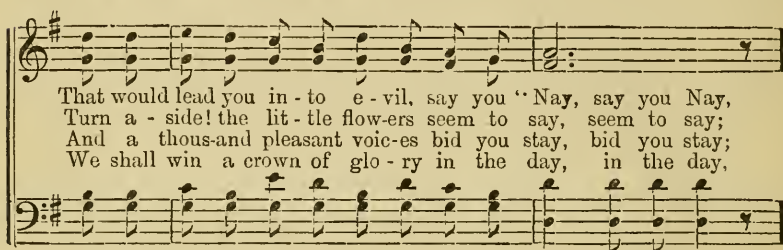
"We will go by the King's highway."—NUM. xx. 17.

ANON.

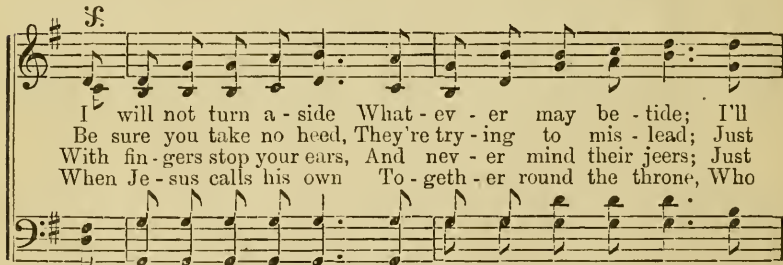
E. S. LORENZ, by per.



1. Wher - ev - er you may be, What - ev - er you may see,
 2. The mead - ows may be green, Where by - path stile is seen;
 3. For, on en - chant - ed ground There's dan - ger all a - round,
 4. Our God will guide us right, And, walk - ing in the light,



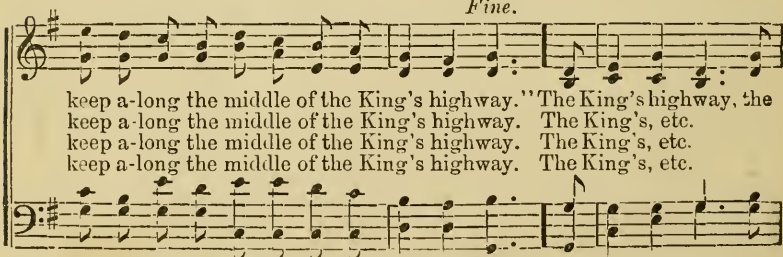
That would lead you in - to e - vil, say you "Nay, say you Nay,
 Turn a - side! the lit - tle flow - ers seem to say, seem to say;
 And a thou - sand pleasant voic - es bid you stay, bid you stay;
 We shall win a crown of glo - ry in the day, in the day,



I will not turn a - side What - ev - er may be - tide; I'll
 Be sure you take no heed, They're try - ing to mis - lead; Just
 With fin - gers stop your ears, And nev - er mind their jeers; Just
 When Je - sus calls his own To - geth - er round the throne, Who

D. S. *Wher - ev - er you may be, What - ev - er you may see. Just*

Fine.



keep a - long the middle of the King's highway. "The King's highway, the
 keep a - long the middle of the King's highway. The King's, etc.
 keep a - long the middle of the King's highway. The King's, etc.
 keep a - long the middle of the King's highway. The King's, etc.

keep a - long the middle of the King's highway.

The King's Highway—Concluded.

D. S.

King's highway, Oh, turn a - side from ev-'ry-thing that leads astray;

No. 76. Drifting Away.

"Every one of them is gone back; they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one."—Ps. lili. 3.

E. A. BARNES,

A. J. ABBEY, by per.

1. From God and his precepts, So ho - ly and bright; From paths that are
2. From words that were spoken When Jesus was here; From all his blest
3. From grace that is wait-ing, New prospects to give; From love that will

pleasant, Because they are right; From truths in the Bible, That all should o-
teachings, So sim-ple, yet dear; From hope in his favor, That soul charming
help you As Christians to live; From heaven's bright portals, At life's final

Slower.

bey; 'Tis sad that so many Are drifting a-way, drifting a - way.
ray; 'Tis sad that so many Are drifting a-way, drifting a - way.
day; 'Tis sad that so many Are drifting a-way, drifting a - way.

No. 77. Jesus, All the Way.

"Lo, I am with you alway."—MATTH. xxviii. 20.

M. E. SERVOS.

C. C. CASE, by per.

1. 'Tis Je - sus when the burden'd heart Is sink-ing 'neath its load;
2. 'Tis Je - sus when the infant tongue Can hard - ly lisp the name,
3. 'Tis Je - sus for the friendless one, The wea - ry, sad and lone;

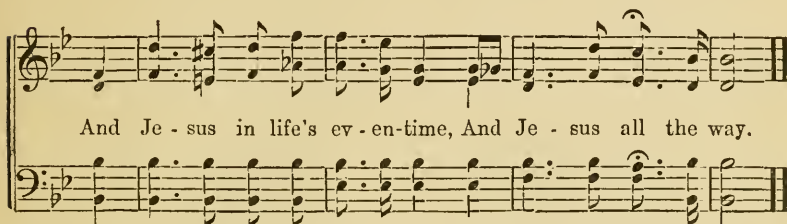
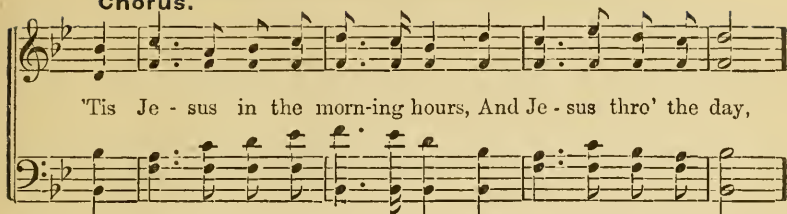
And Je - sus when the trembling steps Can hard - ly keep the road;
And when the form is bent with age, 'Tis Je - sus just the same;
And Je - sus for the sin-ner's hope To change the heart of stone;

And Je - sus when the sun of joy Has set in sor-row's night,
For on our way to pastures green, Lest we from him should stray,
And Je - sus when the hour has come To cross the si - lent stream;

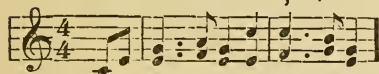
For he a - lone can soothe the pain, Or guide the steps a-right.
Our Shep-herd walks be-fore his sheep, And leads them all the way.
Then Je - sus, Je - sus ev - er-more, Shall be our new song's theme.

Jesus, all the Way—Concluded.

Chorus.



No. 78. Fountain. C, M,



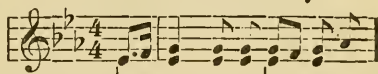
1. There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that
Lose all their guilty stains. [flood,
Cho.—Lose all, etc.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
Cho.—Wash all, etc.

3. Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved to sin no more.
Cho.—Are saved, etc.

4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die!
Cho.—And shall, etc.

No. 79. The Sweet Story.



1. I think, when I read that sweet story
of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs
to his fold,
I should like to have been with
them then.

2. Yet still to his footstool in prayer I
may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him be-
low,
I shall see him and hear him above,

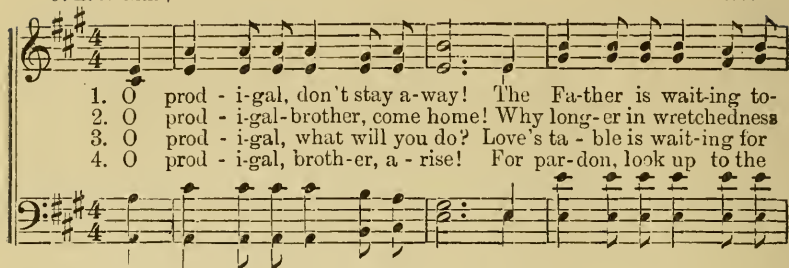
3. In that beautiful place he has gone
to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiv-
len;
And many dear children are gather-
ing there,
"For of such is the kingdom of
heaven."

No. 80. O Prodigal, Don't Stay Away.

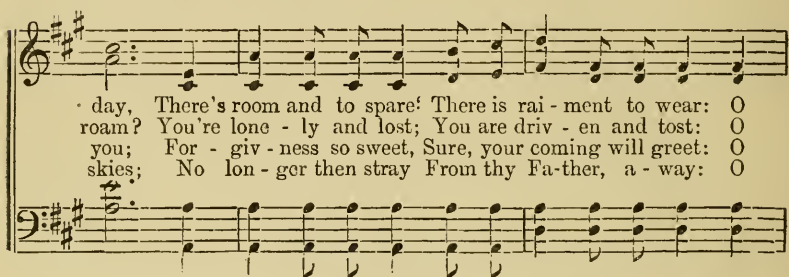
"I will arise and go unto my father,"—LUKE xv. 18.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

J. W. BISCHOFF.

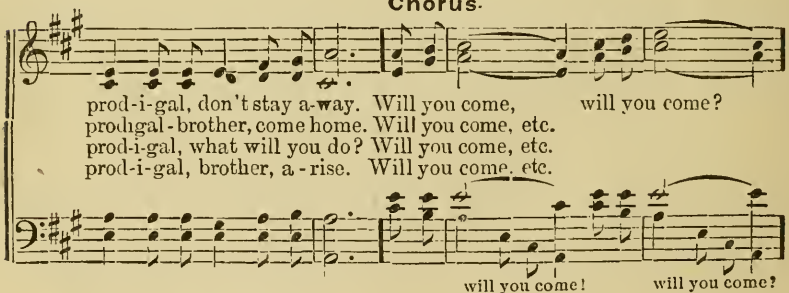


1. O prod - i-gal, don't stay a-way! The Fa-ther is wait-ing to-
 2. O prod - i-gal-brother, come home! Why long-er in wretchedness
 3. O prod - i-gal, what will you do? Love's ta - ble is wait-ing for
 4. O prod - i-gal, broth-er, a - rise! For par-don, look up to the



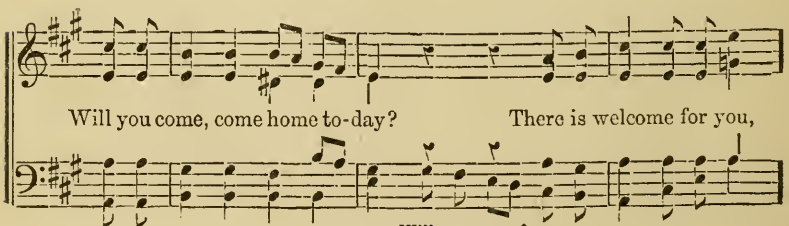
day, There's room and to spare! There is rai - ment to wear: O
 roam? You're lone - ly and lost; You are driv - en and tost: O
 you; For - giv - ness so sweet, Sure, your coming will greet: O
 skies; No lon - ger then stray From thy Fa-ther, a - way: O

Chorus.



prod-i-gal, don't stay a-way. Will you come, will you come?
 prodigal-brother, come home. Will you come, etc.
 prod-i-gal, what will you do? Will you come, etc.
 prod-i-gal, brother, a - rise. Will you come, etc.

will you come! will you come?



Will you come, come home to-day? There is welcome for you,
 Will you come?

O Prodigal, Don't Stay Away—Concluded.

There's a kiss, kind and true, Then O prod - i-gal, don't stay a - way.

No. 81. Beyond the River.

"We shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."—1 JOHN iii. 2.

J. E. R.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

1. Friends we have beyond the riv-er, Shin-ing ones that wait us there;
 2. At the feet of Je - sus seat-ed, Ah! they need our pray'rs no more;
 3. Names of kindred, sacred, sainted, On the wing of mem'ry brought;
 4. Could they tell, oh, what the story, Of their growth from grace to grace;
 5. They have on - ly gone be-fore us, Lost to sight and sense they are;

Death can reach them, never, never, In that realm so bright and fair.
 Their life's con - flict all com-plet-ed, Rest they on that ra-diant shore.
 By the stain of sin un-taint-ed, How they an-swer to our thought.
 Of their change to great-er glo-ry, As they see the Lord's own face!
 But from realms of glo - ry o'er us, We can catch their light a - far.

D. S. Friends we have beyond the riv-er, Shining ones that wait us there.

Refrain,

D. S.

Be - yond, be-yond the riv-er, Be - yond, be-yond the riv-er,

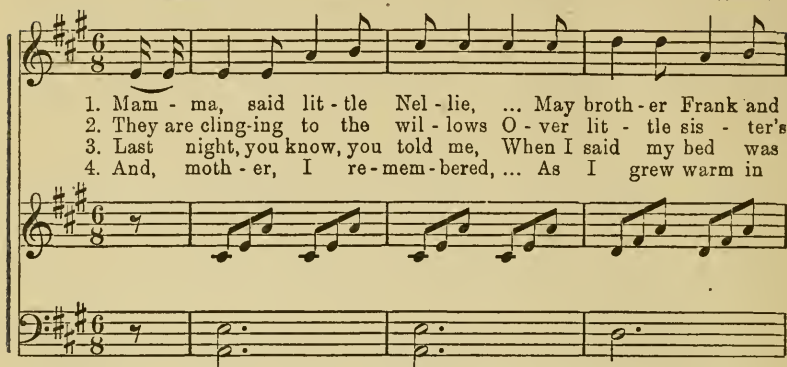
No. 82. Falling Feathers.

A CHILD'S IDEA OF SNOW.

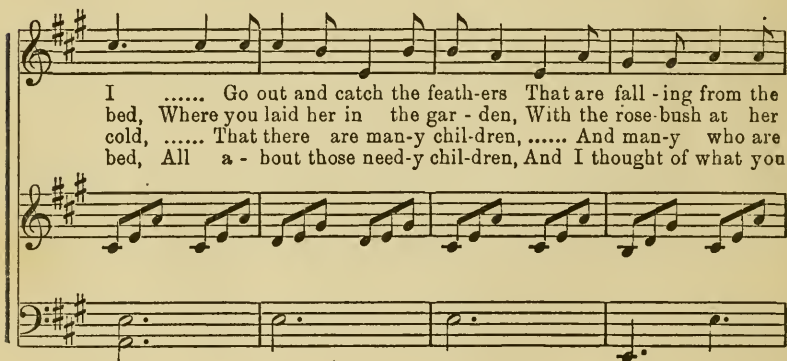
Blessed is he that considereth the poor.—PSALMS, 41 : 1.

Mrs. L. H. WASHINGTON.

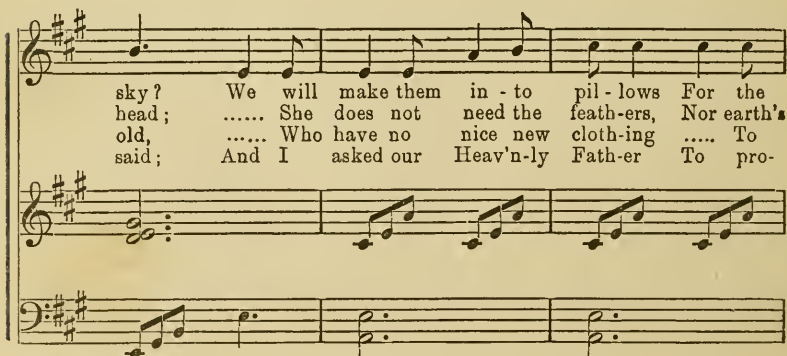
J. W. BISCHOFF.



1. Mam - ma, said lit - tle Nel - lie, ... May broth - er Frank and
 2. They are cling - ing to the wil - lows O - ver lit - tle sis - ter's
 3. Last night, you know, you told me, When I said my bed was
 4. And, moth - er, I re - mem - bered, ... As I grew warm in



I Go out and catch the feath - ers That are fall - ing from the
 bed, Where you laid her in the gar - den, With the rose - bush at her
 cold, That there are man - y chil - dren, And man - y who are
 bed, All a - bout those need - y chil - dren, And I thought of what you



sky? We will make them in - to pil - lows For the
 head; She does not need the feath - ers, Nor earth's
 old, Who have no nice new cloth - ing To
 said; And I asked our Heav'n - ly Fath - er To pro -

Falling Feathers--Concluded.

need - y and the poor; There's e - nough for one al-
 biess - ings an - y more; May we make them in - to
 shield them from the storm, And have no beds of
 tect them from the storm, And to give them beds of

read - y Just be - side our cot - tage door.
 pil - lows For the need-y and the poor?
 feath - ers To keep them snug and warm.
 feath - ers To keep them nice and warm.

CHORUS.

See, moth - er, they are ly - ing All a - bout our cot - tage

Repeat PP.

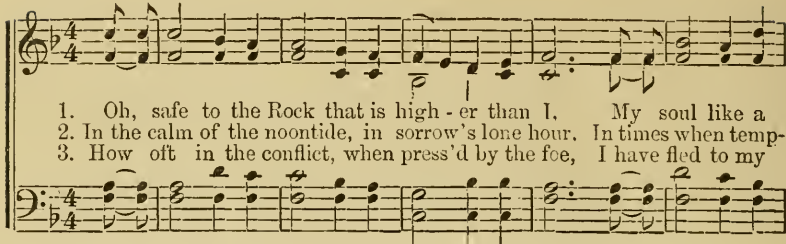
door; May we make them in-to pil-lows For the need-y and the poor?

No. 83. Hiding in Thee.

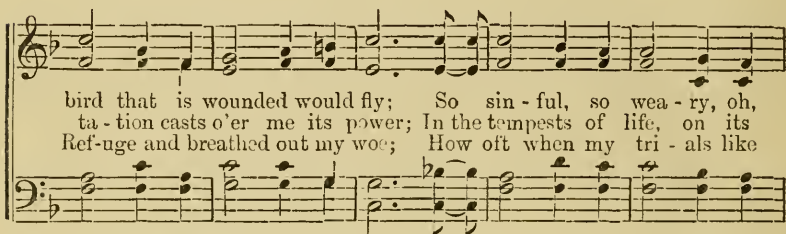
"My strong rock, for a house of defence."—Ps. xxxi. 2.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

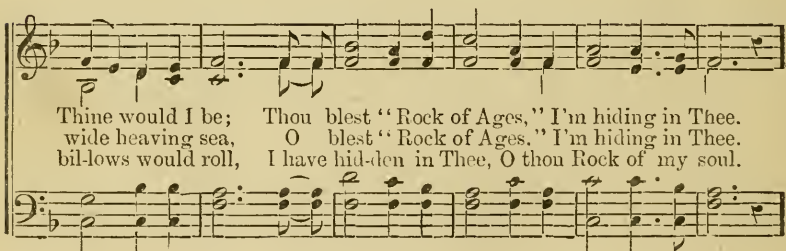
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Oh, safe to the Rock that is high - er than I. My soul like a
 2. In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour. In times when temp-
 3. How oft in the conflict, when press'd by the foe, I have fled to my

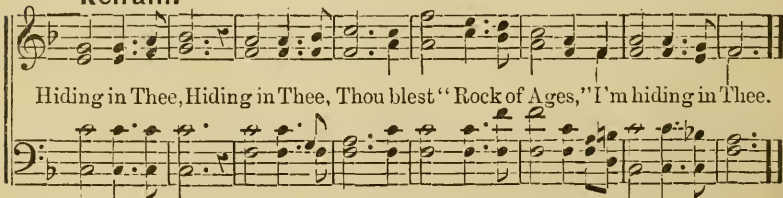


bird that is wounded would fly; So sin - ful, so wea - ry, oh,
 ta - tion casts o'er me its power; In the tempests of life, on its
 Ref-uge and breathed out my woe; How oft when my tri - als like



Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.
 wide heaving sea, O blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.
 bil-lows would roll, I have hid-den in Thee, O thou Rock of my soul.

Refrain.



Hiding in Thee, Hiding in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

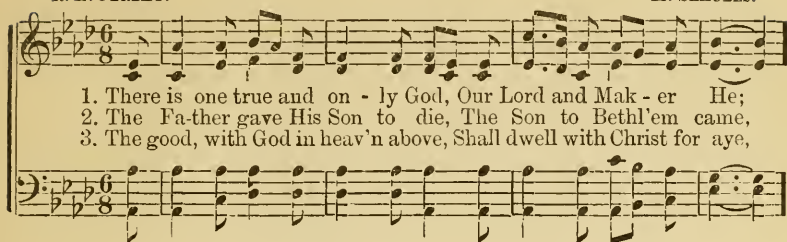
From "Welcome Tidings," by per of Biglow & Main

No. 84. There is One True and Only God.

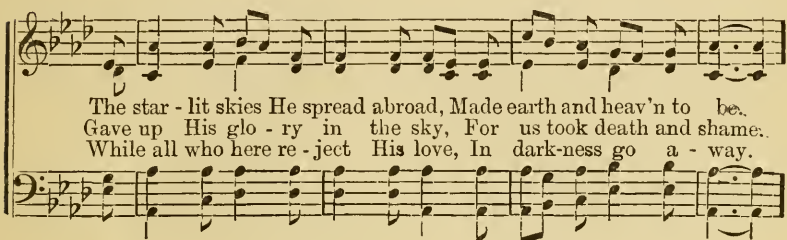
R. E. JEREMY.

"There is one God and one mediator."—1 TIM. ii. 5.

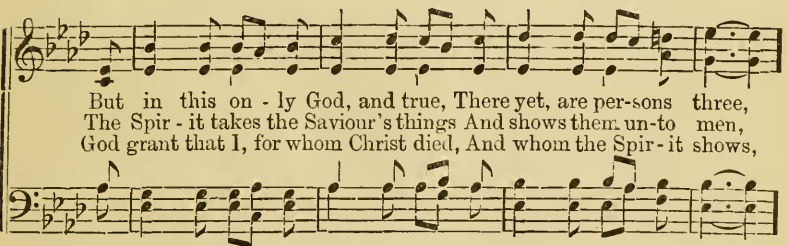
M. SAMUELS.



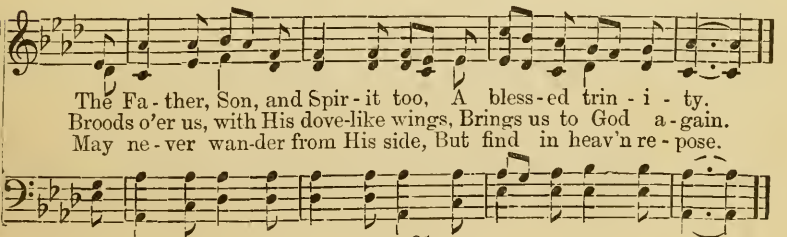
1. There is one true and on - ly God, Our Lord and Mak - er He;
 2. The Fa - ther gave His Son to die, The Son to Beth'lem came,
 3. The good, with God in heav'n above, Shall dwell with Christ for aye,



The star - lit skies He spread abroad, Made earth and heav'n to be.
 Gave up His glo - ry in the sky, For us took death and shame.
 While all who here re - ject His love, In dark-ness go a - way.



But in this on - ly God, and true, There yet, are per - sons three,
 The Spir - it takes the Saviour's things And shows them un - to men,
 God grant that I, for whom Christ died, And whom the Spir - it shows,



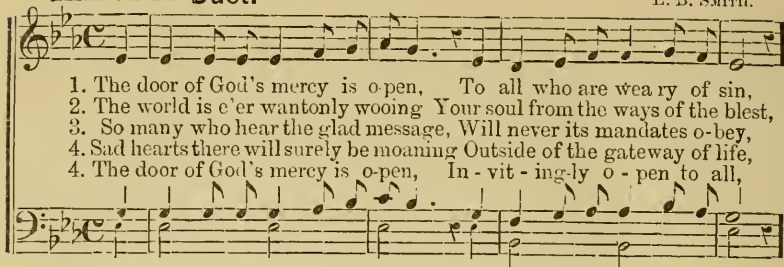
The Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it too, A bless - ed trin - i - ty.
 Broods o'er us, with His dove-like wings, Brings us to God a - gain.
 May ne - ver wan - der from His side, But find in heav'n re - pose.

No. 85. The Door of God's Mercy is Open.

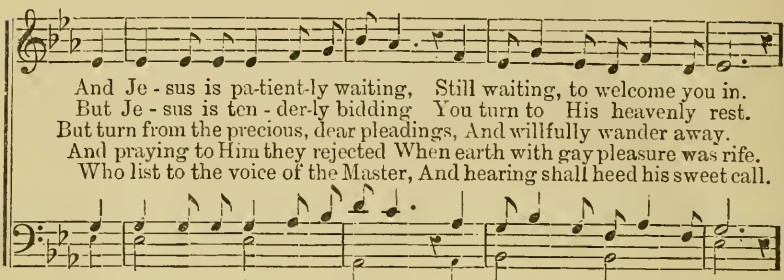
"Strive to enter at the straight gate."

ELLEN OLIVER. **Duet.**

E. B. SMITH.



1. The door of God's mercy is o-pen, To all who are weary of sin,
 2. The world is e'er wantonly wooing Your soul from the ways of the blest,
 3. So many who hear the glad message, Will never its mandates o-bey,
 4. Sad hearts there will surely be moaning Outside of the gateway of life,
 4. The door of God's mercy is o-pen, In - vit - ing - ly o - pen to all,

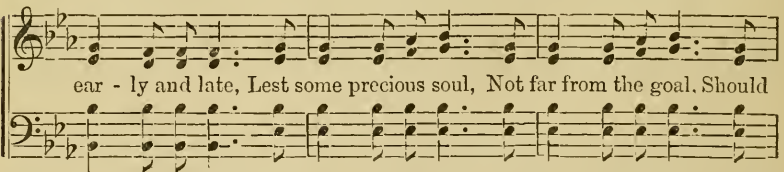


And Je - sus is pa-tient-ly waiting, Still waiting, to welcome you in.
 But Je - sus is ten - der-ly bidding You turn to His heavenly rest.
 But turn from the precious, dear pleadings, And willfully wander away.
 And praying to Him they rejected When earth with gay pleasure was rife.
 Who list to the voice of the Master, And hearing shall heed his sweet call.

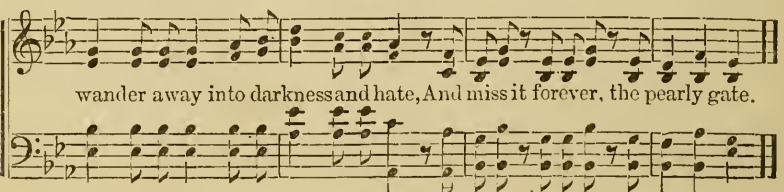
Chorus.



Come, says the Saviour, Come en-ter the gate, I watch by the portals both



ear - ly and late, Lest some precious soul, Not far from the goal, Should

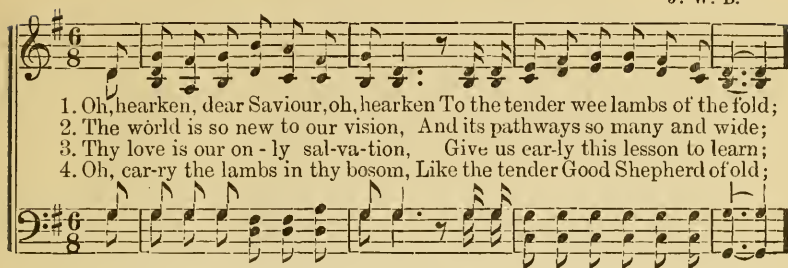


wander away into darkness and hate, And miss it forever, the pearly gate.

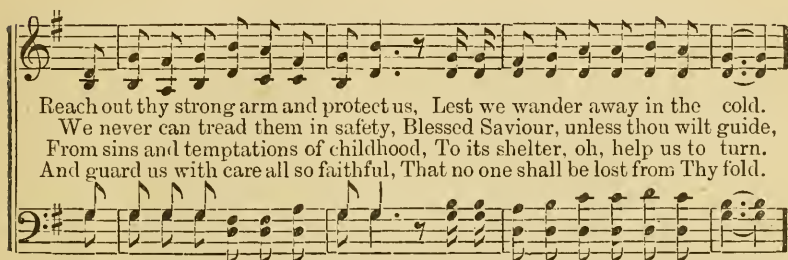
No. 86. The Wee Lambs of the Fold.

"He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."—Is. xl. 11.

J. W. B.

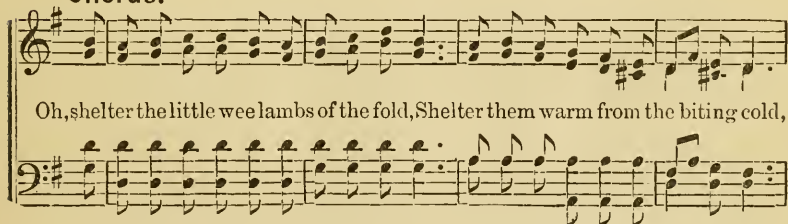


1. Oh, hearken, dear Saviour, oh, hearken To the tender wee lambs of the fold;
 2. The world is so new to our vision, And its pathways so many and wide;
 3. Thy love is our on - ly sal - va - tion, Give us ear - ly this lesson to learn;
 4. Oh, car - ry the lambs in thy bosom, Like the tender Good Shepherd of old;

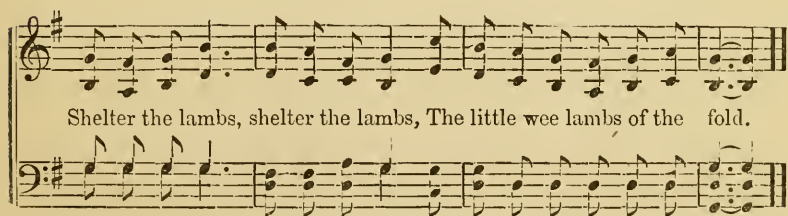


Reach out thy strong arm and protect us, Lest we wander away in the cold.
 We never can tread them in safety, Blessed Saviour, unless thou wilt guide,
 From sins and temptations of childhood, To its shelter, oh, help us to turn.
 And guard us with care all so faithful, That no one shall be lost from Thy fold.

Chorus.



Oh, shelter the little wee lambs of the fold, Shelter them warm from the biting cold,



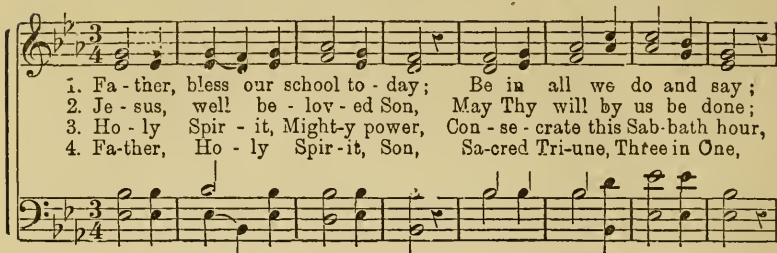
Shelter the lambs, shelter the lambs, The little wee lambs of the fold.

No. 87. Father, Bless Our School To-Day.

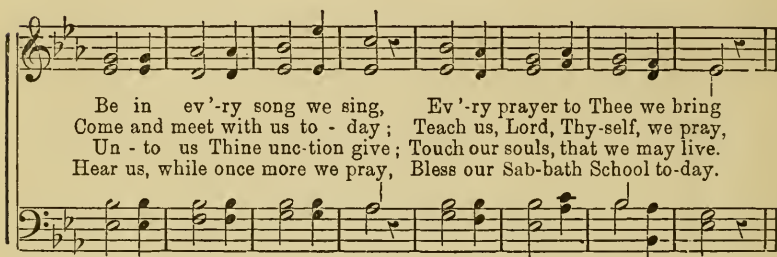
And God, even our own God, shall bless us.—PSALMS, 67:6.

Words by ANNIE CUMMINGS.

Music by J. W. BISCOFF.

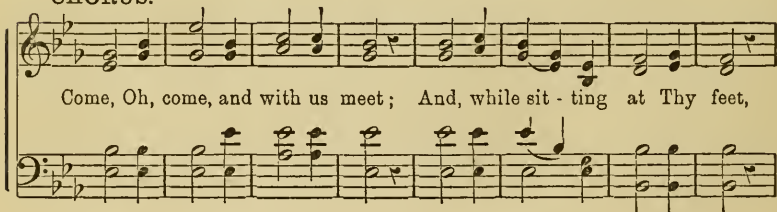


1. Fa-ther, bless our school to-day; Be in all we do and say;
 2. Je-sus, well be-lov-ed Son, May Thy will by us be done;
 3. Ho-ly Spir-it, Might-y power, Con-se-crate this Sab-bath hour,
 4. Fa-ther, Ho-ly Spir-it, Son, Sa-cred Tri-une, Three in One,

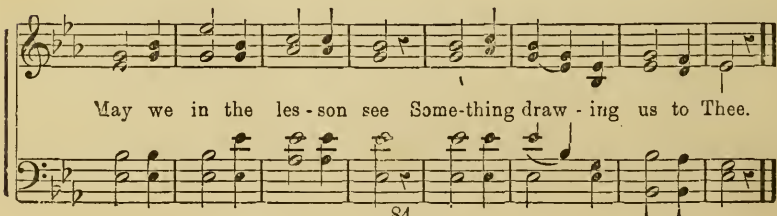


Be in ev'-ry song we sing, Ev'-ry prayer to Thee we bring
 Come and meet with us to-day; Teach us, Lord, Thy-self, we pray,
 Un-to us Thine unc-tion give; Touch our souls, that we may live.
 Hear us, while once more we pray, Bless our Sab-bath School to-day.

CHORUS.



Come, Oh, come, and with us meet; And, while sit-ting at Thy feet,



May we in the les-son see Some-thing draw-ing us to Thee.

No. 88. Little Soldiers.

F. E. BELDEN.

"Suffer the little children."—MARK x. 14.

D. S. HAKES.

1. Like faith-ful soldiers, true and brave, The lit - tle ones should be,
 2. Let ev - 'ry heart be firm and bold, And bat - tle for the right;
 3. Though legion hosts of doubt and sin Sur-round on ev - 'ry hand,

Who trust their Captain's might to save, And make the foe-man flee.
 For none who strive the right to hold Shall per - ish in the fight.
 Yet, in the con-flict we shall win, For Je - sus leads our band.

Chorus.

Daring lit-tle soldiers, true to Je-sus, Warriors who will ne'er retreat;

Faithful little Christians, bravely fighting, E - vil to de - feat.

No. 89. Come Near Me.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.—PSALMS, 34 : 18.

G. W. L.

J. W. B.

Tenderly.

1. Come near me, O, my Sav-iour; Thy ten-der-ness re - veal; O,
 2. Come near me, my Re - deem-er, And nev-er leave my side; My
 3. Come near me, bless-ed Je - sus, I need Thee in my joy, No
 4. Be near me, might-y Sav - iour, When comes the lat-est strife; For

let me know the sym - pa - thy Which Thou for me dost feel. I
 bark, when toss'd on troub-le's sea, The storm can-not out - ride, Un-
 less than when the dir - est ills My hap - pi-ness de - stroy; For
 Thou hast thro' death's shad-ows pass'd, And op'e'd the gates of life; And

f need Thee ev - 'ry mo - ment; Thine ab-sence brings dis - may; But
 less Thy word of pow - er Ar - rest the surg - ing wave; No
 when the sun shines o'er me And flow-ers strew my way, With-
 when a - mong the ran-som'd I stand with crown and palm, To

cres. when the tempt-er hur's His darts, 'Twere death with Thee a - way.
 voice but Thine its rage can quell, No arm but Thine can save.
 out Thy wise and guid-ing hand More eas - i - ly I stray.
 Thee, Di - vine, un-fail - ing Friend, I'll raise th'e-ter - nal psalm.
dim.

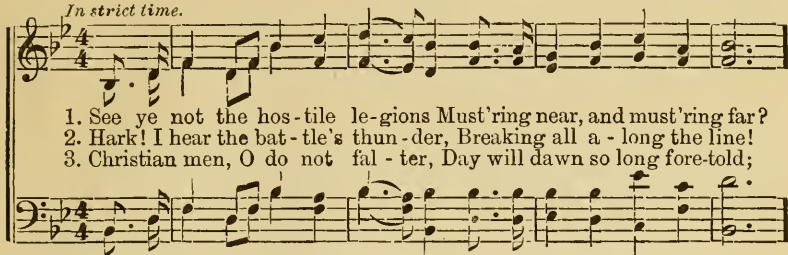
No. 90. See Ye Not the Hostile Legions?

"I have given Him for a Leader unto the people."—Is. lv. 4.

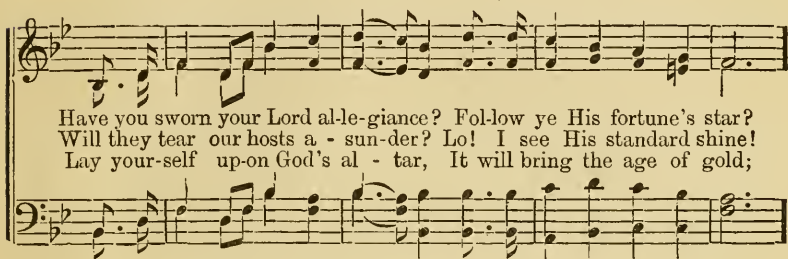
J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

J. W. BISCHOFF.

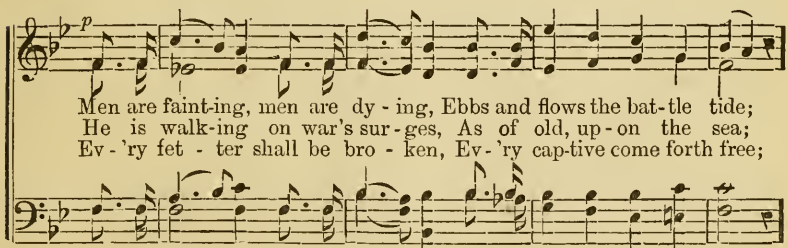
In strict time.



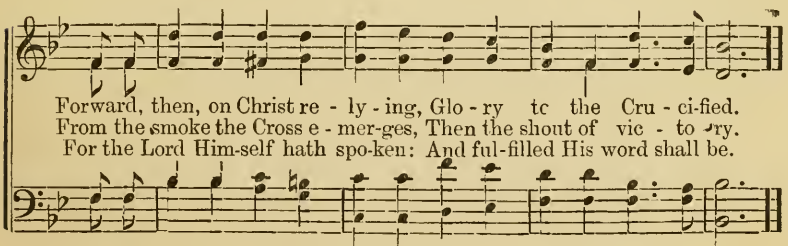
1. See ye not the hos-tile le-gions Must'ring near, and must'ring far?
 2. Hark! I hear the bat-tle's thun-der, Breaking all a - long the line!
 3. Christian men, O do not fal-ter, Day will dawn so long fore-told;



Have you sworn your Lord al-le-giance? Fol-low ye His fortune's star?
 Will they tear our hosts a - sun-der? Lo! I see His standard shine!
 Lay your-self up-on God's al - tar, It will bring the age of gold;



Men are faint-ing, men are dy - ing, Ebbs and flows the bat-tle tide;
 He is walk-ing on war's sur-ges, As of old, up-on the sea;
 Ev-'ry fet-ter shall be bro - ken, Ev-'ry cap-tive come forth free;



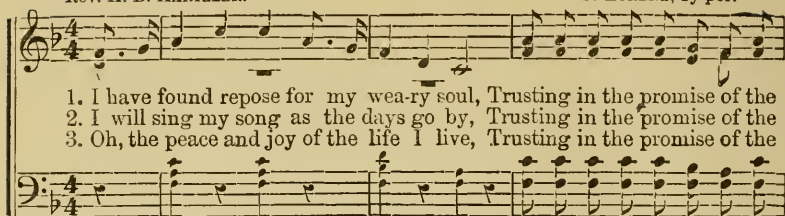
Forward, then, on Christ re - ly-ing, Glo-ry to the Cru - ci-fied.
 From the smoke the Cross e - mer-ges, Then the shout of vic - to - ry.
 For the Lord Him-self hath spo-ken: And ful-filled His word shall be.

No. 91. Trusting in the Promise.

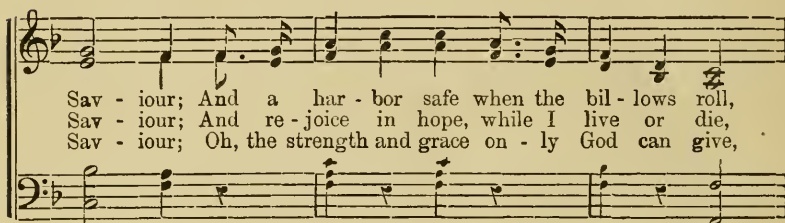
"He is faithful that promised."—HEB. x. 23.

Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

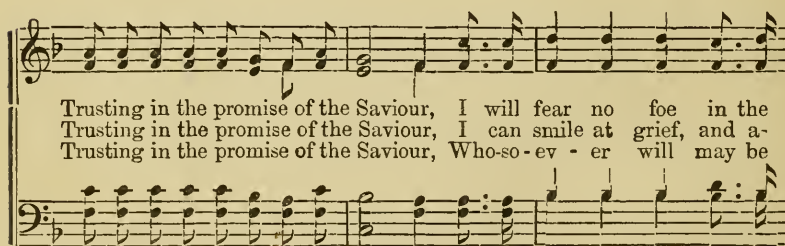
E. S. LORENZ, by per.



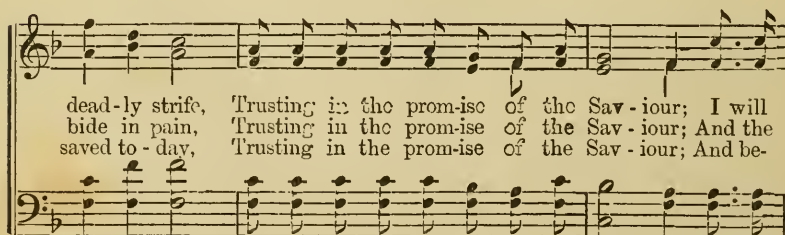
1. I have found repose for my weary soul, Trusting in the promise of the
 2. I will sing my song as the days go by, Trusting in the promise of the
 3. Oh, the peace and joy of the life I live, Trusting in the promise of the



Sav - iour; And a har - bor safe when the bil - lows roll,
 Sav - iour; And re - joice in hope, while I live or die,
 Sav - iour; Oh, the strength and grace on - ly God can give,



Trusting in the promise of the Saviour, I will fear no foe in the
 Trusting in the promise of the Saviour, I can smile at grief, and a-
 Trusting in the promise of the Saviour, Who-so-ev - er will may be



dead-ly strife, Trusting in the prom-ise of the Sav-iour; I will
 bide in pain, Trusting in the prom-ise of the Sav-iour; And the
 saved to - day, Trusting in the prom-ise of the Sav-iour; And be-

Trusting in the Promise--Concluded.

bear my lot in the toil of life, Trusting in the promise of the
 loss of all shall be high-est gain, Trusting in, etc.
 gin to walk in the ho - ly way, Trusting in, etc.

Chorus.

Sav - iour. Lean-ing on His mighty arm for - ev - er,

Nev-er from His lov-ing heart to sev - er, I will rest by grace

In His strong embrace, Trusting in the prom-ise of the Sav - iour.

No. 92. Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

1. Brother, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother, homeward come.

2. Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most noble hours?
Turn thee, brother, God can save.

3. He can heal the deepest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
Seek Him, for He may be found;
Call upon Him; He is near.

Rev. J. F. CLARKE.

No. 93. That Beautiful Land.

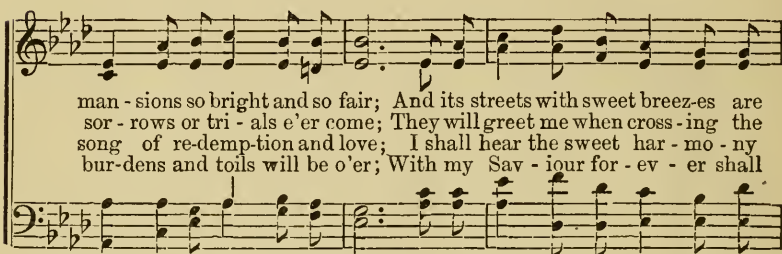
"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you.
I go to prepare a place for you."—JOHN xii. 2.

O. F. P.

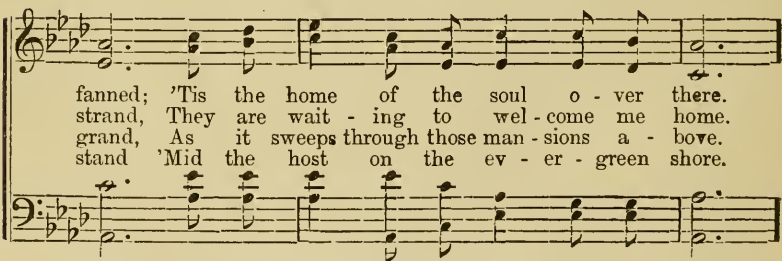
O. F. PRESBREY.



1. There's a far a - way, beau - ti - ful land, With its
2. I have friends in that beau - ti - ful land, Where no
3. I shall sing in that beau - ti - ful land The new
4. I shall rest in that beau - ti - ful land, All life's

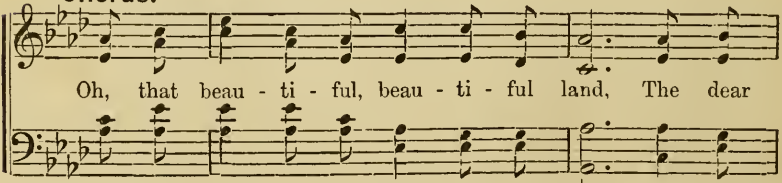


man - sions so bright and so fair; And its streets with sweet breez-es are
sor - rows or tri - als e'er come; They will greet me when cross - ing the
song of re - demp - tion and love; I shall hear the sweet har - mo - ny
bur - dens and toils will be o'er; With my Sav - iour for - ev - er shall



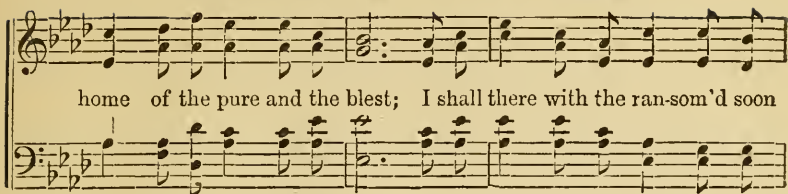
fanned; 'Tis the home of the soul o - ver there.
strand, They are wait - ing to wel - come me home.
grand, As it sweeps through those man - sions a - bove.
stand 'Mid the host on the ev - er - green shore.

Chorus.

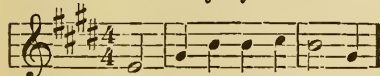


Oh, that beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful land, The dear

That Beautiful Land--Concluded.



No. 94. Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s.



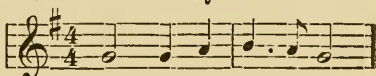
1. From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to man benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HEBER.

No. 95. Heaven is My Home. 6s & 4s.



1. I'm but a stranger here,
Heav'n is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heav'n is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on ev'ry hand,
Heav'n is my fatherland,
Heav'n is my home.
2. What tho' the tempest rage,
Heav'n is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heav'n is my home;
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heav'n is my home.
3. There at my Saviour's side,
Heav'n is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heav'n is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heav'n is my home.

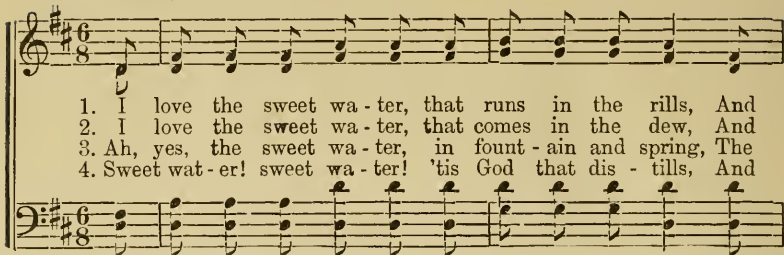
THOS. RAWSON TAYLOR.

No. 96. Water for Me.

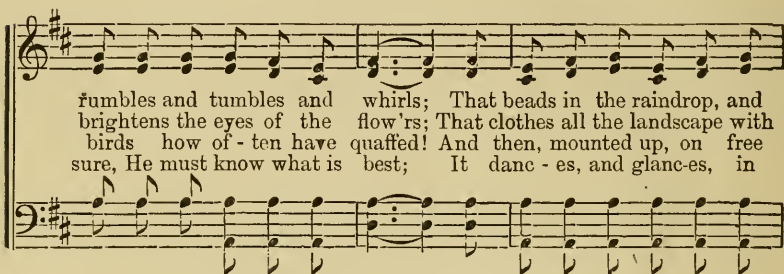
"Do not drink wine nor strong drink."—LEV. x. 9.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

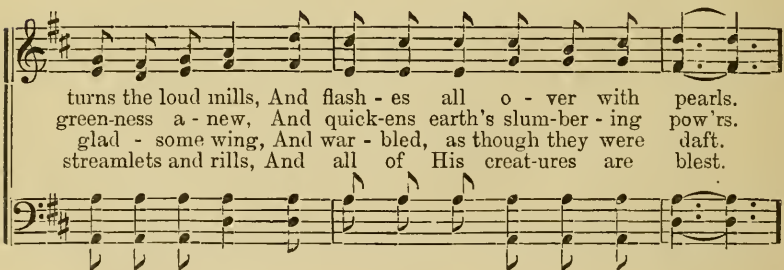
Rev. S. MORMISON.



1. I love the sweet wa - ter, that runs in the rills, And
 2. I love the sweet wa - ter, that comes in the dew, And
 3. Ah, yes, the sweet wa - ter, in fount - ain and spring, The
 4. Sweet wat - er! sweet wa - ter! 'tis God that dis - tills, And

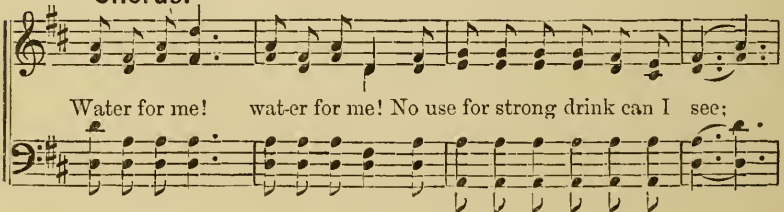


rumbles and tumbles and whirls; That beads in the raindrop, and
 brightens the eyes of the flow'rs; That clothes all the landscape with
 birds how of - ten have quaffed! And then, mounted up, on free
 sure, He must know what is best; It danc - es, and glanc - es, in



turns the loud mills, And flash - es all o - ver with pearls.
 green-ness a - new, And quick-ens earth's slum - ber - ing pow'rs.
 glad - some wing, And war - bled, as though they were daft.
 streamlets and rills, And all of His creat - ures are blest.

Chorus.



Water for me! wa - ter for me! No use for strong drink can I see;

Water for Me—Concluded.

Water for me! water for me! There's nothing that sweeter can be.

No. 97. When We Lose Our Dear Ones Here.

J. E. R.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

1. When we lose our dear ones here, Those in faith de-
 2. But, we know they still are ours, Where death ne'er in-
 3. To the hills we lift our eyes, Where there is no
 4. To our Heav'n-ly Fath-er's will, Make we full sur-
 5. What, in tears, we know not now, We shall know here-

part - ed; Oft we shed the bit - ter - tear,
 vad - eth; Where the bloom leaves not the flow'rs,
 dy - ing; Whence the streams of com - fort rise,
 ren - der; Poor, weak hearts be hush'd and still,
 af - ter; To the Lord we meek - ly bow:

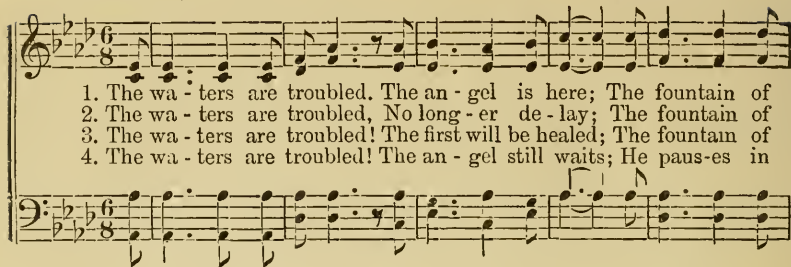
Oft are bro - ken heart - ed, Oft are bro - ken heart - ed.
 And where love ne'er fad - eth, And where love ne'er fad - eth.
 All sore hearts sup - ply - ing, All sore hearts sup - ply - ing,
 He is kind and ten - der, He is kind and ten - der.
 Grief shall change to laugh - ter, Grief shall change to laugh - ter.

No. 98. The Waters Are Troubled.

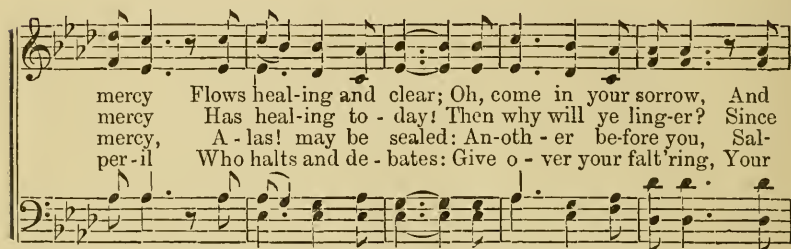
"The angel troubled the waters."—JOHN. v. iv.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

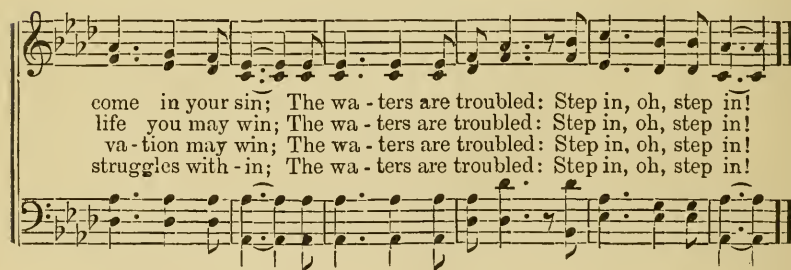
REV. S. MORRISON.



1. The wa - ters are troubled. The an - gel is here; The fountain of
 2. The wa - ters are troubled, No long - er de - lay; The fountain of
 3. The wa - ters are troubled! The first will be healed; The fountain of
 4. The wa - ters are troubled! The an - gel still waits; He paus-es in

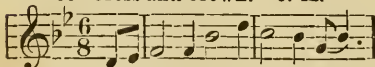


mercy Flows heal-ing and clear; Oh, come in your sorrow, And
 mercy Has heal-ing to - day! Then why will ye ling-er? Since
 mercy, A - las! may be sealed: An-oth - er be-fore you, Sal-
 per-il Who halts and de - bates: Give o - ver your falt'ring, Your



come in your sin; The wa - ters are troubled: Step in, oh, step in!
 life you may win; The wa - ters are troubled: Step in, oh, step in!
 va - tion may win; The wa - ters are troubled: Step in, oh, step in!
 struggles with - in; The wa - ters are troubled: Step in, oh, step in!

99. Cross and Crown. C. M.



1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
 And all the world go free?
 No; there's a cross for every one,
 And there's a cross for me.

2. How happy are the saints above,
 Who once went sorrowing here;
 But now they taste unmingled love
 And joy without a tear.
3. The consecrated cross I'll bear,
 Till death shall set me free;
 And then go home, my crown to wear,
 For there's a crown for me.

No. 100. Little Children, Can You Tell?

"Unto to you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour."—LUKE xi. 11.

Question, by School.

E. B. SMITH.

1. Lit-tle children can you tell? Do you know the story well? Ev'ry girl and
2. Shepherds sat upon the ground, Fleecy flocks were scatter'd round, When a brightness
2. For a lit-tle babe that day Cradled in the manger lay; Born on earth our

ev-'ry boy, Why the angels sang for joy, On the Christmas morn-ing?
filled the sky, And a song was heard on high On the Christmas morn-ing.
Lord to be, This the wond'ring angels see On the Christmas morn-ing.

Answer, by Primary Class.

Yes, we know the story well, Listen now and hear us tell, Ev-'ry girl and
"Joy and peace," the angels sang, Far the pleasant echoes rang; "Peace on earth! to
Joy our little hearts shall fill, Peace and love and all good-will; This fair babe of

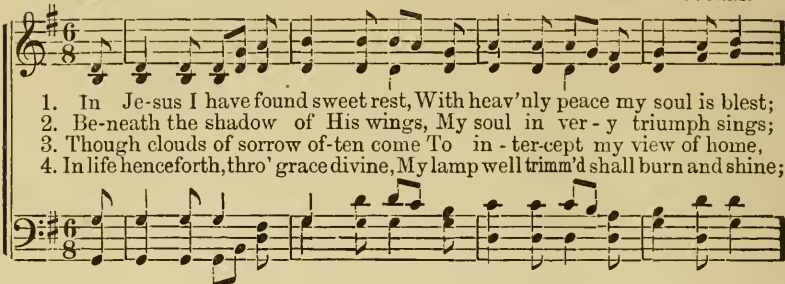
ev-'ry boy, Why the angels sang for joy, On the Christmas morn-ing.
men good-will," Hark! the angels sing it still On the Christmas morn-ing.
Bethlehem Children loves, and blesses them On the Christmas morn-ing.

No. 101. I Am the Lord's.

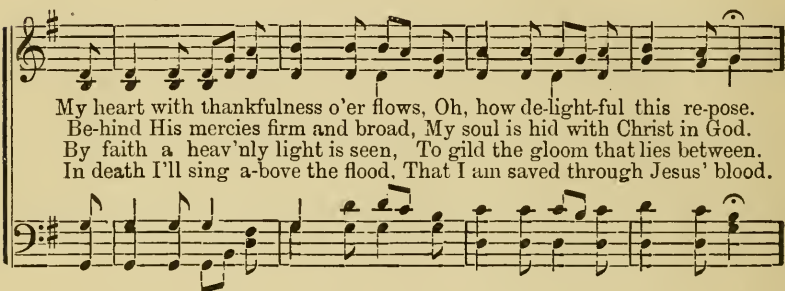
"He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."—2 TIM. i, 12.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

BISHOP W. JOHNS.

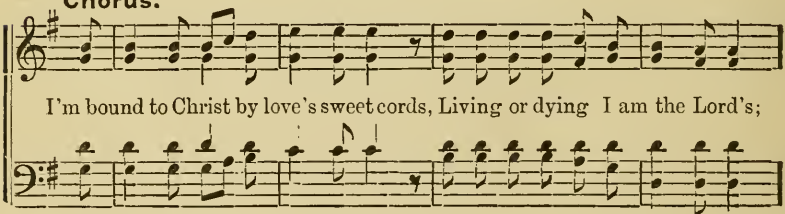


1. In Je-sus I have found sweet rest, With heav'nly peace my soul is blest;
 2. Be-neath the shadow of His wings, My soul in ver-y triumph sings;
 3. Though clouds of sorrow of-ten come To in-ter-cept my view of home,
 4. In life henceforth, thro' grace divine, My lamp well trimm'd shall burn and shine;



My heart with thankfulness o'er flows, Oh, how de-light-ful this re-pose.
 Be-hind His mercies firm and broad, My soul is hid with Christ in God.
 By faith a heav'nly light is seen, To gild the gloom that lies between.
 In death I'll sing a-bove the flood, That I am saved through Jesus' blood.

Chorus.



I'm bound to Christ by love's sweet cords, Living or dying I am the Lord's;



I'm bound to Christ by love's sweet cords, Oh, yes, I am the Lord's.

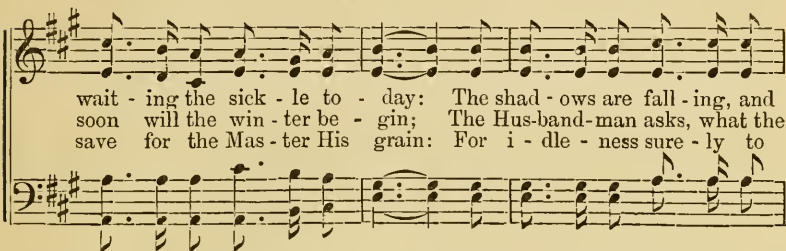
No. 102. Lo, the Harvest is White.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

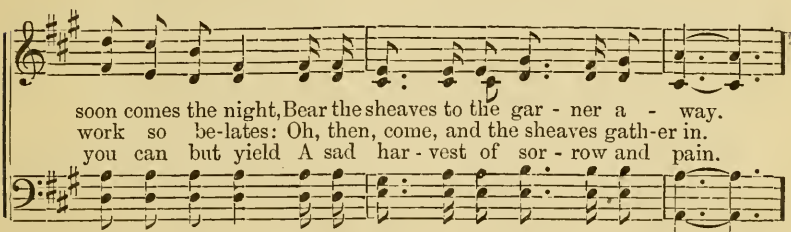
Rev. S. MORRISON.



1. Reap - ers! O reap - ers! the har - vest is white, And
 2. Reap - ers! O reap - ers! the har - vest still waits! And
 3. Reap - ers! O reap - ers! then en - ter the field! And

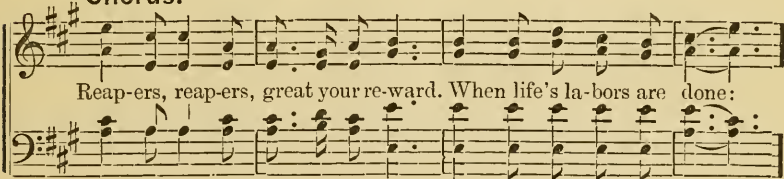


wait - ing the sick - le to - day: The shad - ows are fall - ing, and
 soon will the win - ter be - gin; The Hus - band - man asks, what the
 save for the Mas - ter His grain: For i - dle - ness sure - ly to

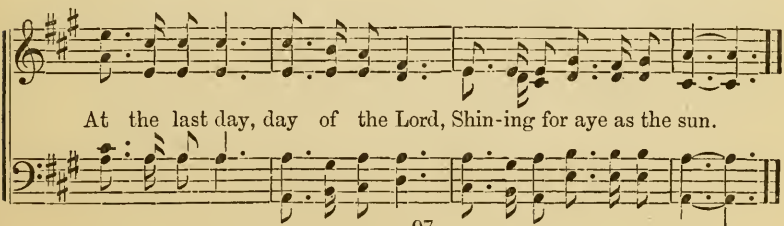


soon comes the night, Bear the sheaves to the gar - ner a - way.
 work so be - lates: Oh, then, come, and the sheaves gath - er in.
 you can but yield A sad har - vest of sor - row and pain.

Chorus.



Reap - ers, reap - ers, great your re - ward. When life's la - bors are done:



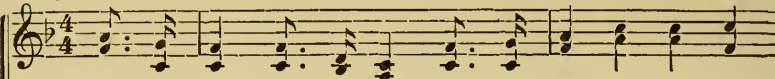
At the last day, day of the Lord, Shin - ing for aye as the sun.

No. 103. Loose the Cable, and Let Me Go.

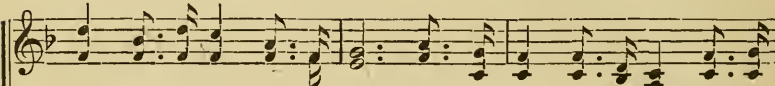
"So he bringeth them to their desired haven."—Ps. cvii. 30.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

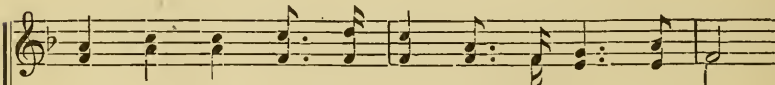
Rev. S. MORRISON.



1. Fierce the temp - est is beat - ing in all the air, The
 2. Lord, the night is fast clos - ing a - round my bark, I
 3. There's no safe - ty for me on this for - eign strand, No
 4. It's far bet - ter for me, from this world to part, And

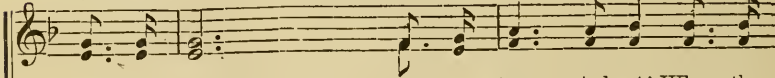


wa - ters are dash - ing be - low: While yon hav - en of rest smiles se -
 long for the break of the day, Near I see there the rocks, all so
 peace while so far from my home, I am long - ing for rest in that
 be there with Je - sus my Lord, Than to lin - ger to long with a



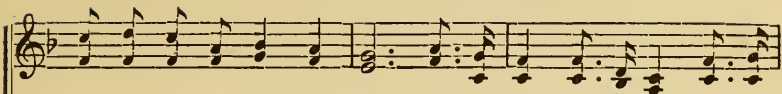
rene and fair; Loose the ca - ble and let me go.
 grim and stark; Speak the word, and I speed a - way.
 fair, fair land; I am wait - ing till Je - sus come.
 wea - ry heart, From His love, and my sure re - ward.

Chorus.



Let me go, let me go where no temp - ests beat! Where the

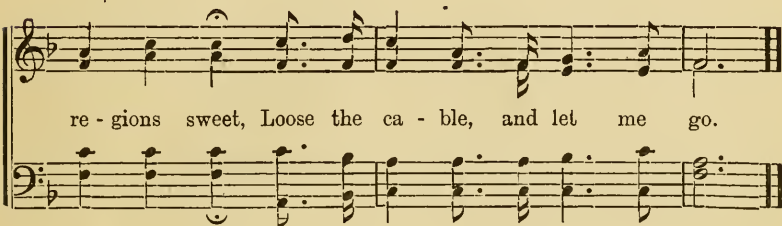
Loose the Cable, and Let Me Go—Concluded.



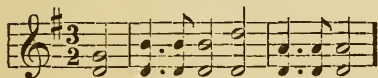
peaceful, peaceful wa - ters flow; Let me go, let me go to those



re - gions sweet, Loose the ca - ble, and let me go.



No. 104. Woodstock. C. M.



1. I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

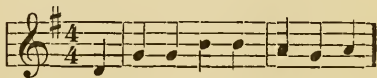
2. I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all His promises to plead
When none but God is near.

3. I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4. I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here by tempests driven.

BROWN.

No. 105. Coronation. C. M.



1. All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

DUNCAN.

No. 106. Obey My Voice, and Drink No Wine.

"We have obeyed the voice of Jonadab, to drink no wine all our days."—JER. 35. 8.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

KARL REDEN.

f *mf*

1. O - bey my voice, and drink no wine, Thy wife, thy sons, thy daughters;
 2. 'Mid for-est shades on summits high. 'Tis God, our Fa-ther, brews them;
 3. O - bey my voice, and drink no wine, Thy wife, thy sons, thy daughters;

f *mf*

But drink, in-stead, the draught di-vine, The sweet, dis-till-ing wa-ters;
 The cup he fills, shall we de-ny? The crys-tal streams re-fuse them?
 But drink, in-stead, the draught di-vine, The sweet, dis-till-ing wa-ters;

Duet. mf

They pour their tide down mountain's side, And from cool caverns sal-ly;
 They bead with health, they bead with wealth, They make the verdant a-cre;
 Thou shalt not know the drunkard's woe, His want shall not dis-tress thee;

f *cres.* *f*

They flash so bright in morn-ing's light, They sing a-long the val-ley,
 The birds and flow'rs, they bless the show'rs, And know them from their Maker.
 But thou shalt stand, prince in the land, And God, thy God, shall bless thee.

Obey My Voice, and Drink No Wine--Concluded.

Chorus.

o - bey no wine,

But drink di - vine,

No. 107. Rest for the Weary.

1. In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me
To fulfill my soul's request.
- СНО.—There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you;
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is bloom-
There is rest for you. [ing,
2. He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
3. Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share:
But in that celestial centre
I a crown of life shall wear.

No. 108, Windham, L, M,

1. Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
3. Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience
clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes,
4. My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow
severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

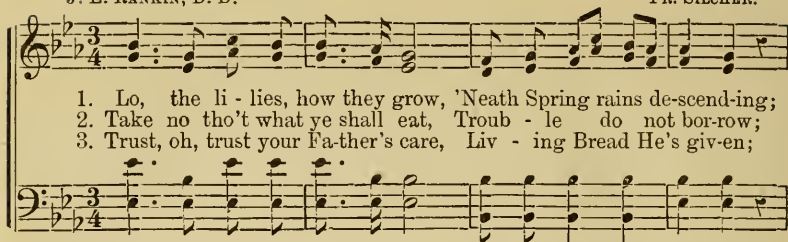
WATTS.

No. 109. Trust, Oh, Trust Your Father.

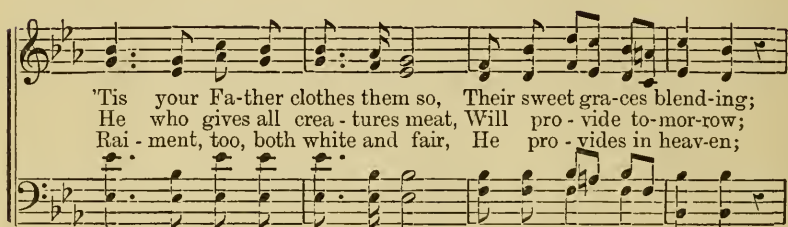
"Consider the lilies, how they grow."—MATT. vi. 28.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

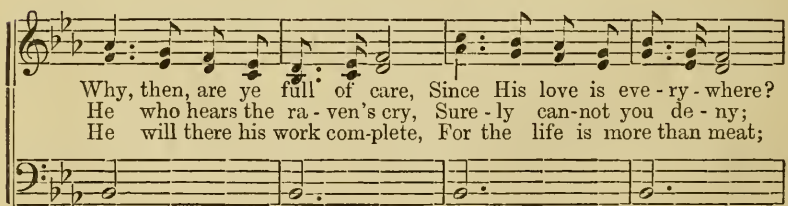
FR. SILCHER:



1. Lo, the li - lies, how they grow, 'Neath Spring rains de-scend-ing;
 2. Take no tho't what ye shall eat, Troub - le do not bor-row;
 3. Trust, oh, trust your Fa-ther's care, Liv - ing Bread He's giv-en;



'Tis your Fa-ther clothes them so, Their sweet gra-cies blend-ing;
 He who gives all crea - tures meat, Will pro - vide to-mor-row;
 Rai - ment, too, both white and fair, He pro - vides in heav-en;



Why, then, are ye full of care, Since His love is eve - ry - where?
 He who hears the ra - ven's cry, Sure - ly can-not you de - ny;
 He will there his work com-plete, For the life is more than meat;



Trust, oh, trust your Fa - ther, Trust, oh, trust your Fa-ther.
 Trust, oh, trust your Fa - ther, Trust, oh, trust your Fa-ther.
 Trust, oh, trust your Fa - ther, Trust, oh, trust your Fa-ther.

No. 110. Gliding Down Life's River.

"I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day."—JOHN ix. 4.

J. E. R.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

1. In this world of sin and ru-in, Glid-ing down Life's riv-er,

There is work we must be do-ing; Glid-ing down Life's riv-er: Ev-'ry

day there's something new, Which the Lord would have us do, Work for

me, and work for you. Gliding down Life's river, Gliding down Life's river.

2. We must lift the Cross above us!
 Gliding down Life's river:
 We must work for those who love us,
 Gliding down Life's river;
 We must early toil and late;
 Must obey, and not debate;
 We must pray, and we must wait,
 Gliding down Life's river,
 3. We must raise our fallen brother,
 Gliding down Life's river:
 We must help and cheer, each other;
 Gliding down Life's river;
 Where the weak or tempted stand,
 We must heed our Lord's command:
 We must lend a helping hand,
 Gliding down Life's river!

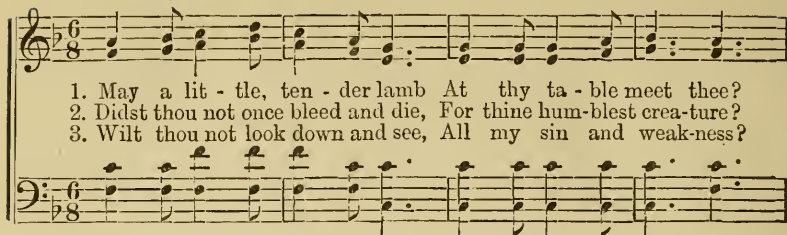
4. We must never faint nor falter,
 Gliding down Life's river:
 What if come, or cross, or halter,
 Gliding down Life's river?
 Let the world make its ado,
 To our Lord we must be true;
 Must be Christian through and through,
 Gliding down Life's river.
 5. We must soothe the sick and sighing,
 Gliding down Life's river!
 We must point to Christ the dying,
 Gliding down Life's river!
 We must keep the goal in view:
 Must our Master's steps pursue;
 We must do, what he would do,
 Gliding down Life's river.

No. 111. May a Little Tender Lamb.

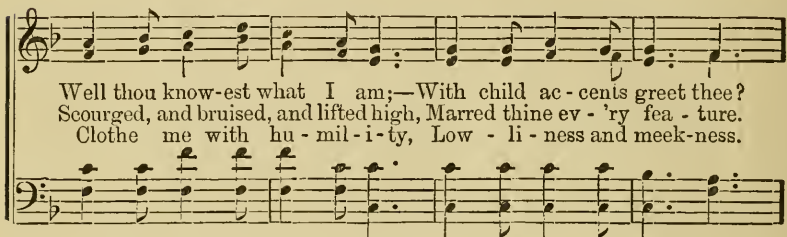
"He shall carry the lambs in his bosom."—Is. xl. 11.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

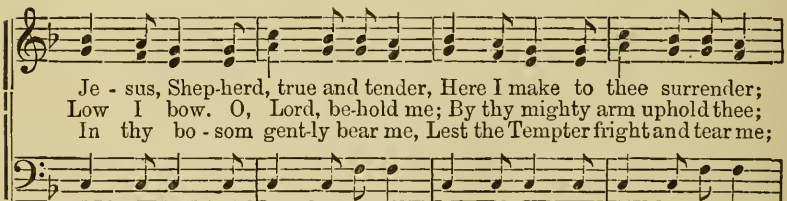
REV. S. MORRISON.



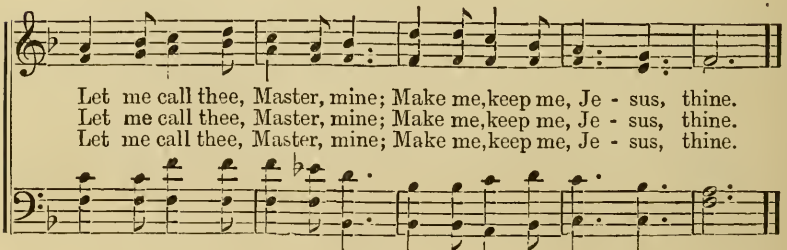
1. May a lit - tle, ten - der lamb At thy ta - ble meet thee?
 2. Didst thou not once bleed and die, For thine hum-blest crea-ture?
 3. Wilt thou not look down and see, All my sin and weak-ness?



Well thou know-est what I am;—With child ac - cents greet thee?
 Scourged, and bruised, and lifted high, Marred thine ev - 'ry fea - ture.
 Clothe me with hu - mil - i - ty, Low - li - ness and meek-ness.



Je - sus, Shep-herd, true and tender, Here I make to thee surrender;
 Low I bow. O, Lord, be-hold me; By thy mighty arm uphold thee;
 In thy bo - som gen-tly bear me, Lest the Tempter fright and tear me;

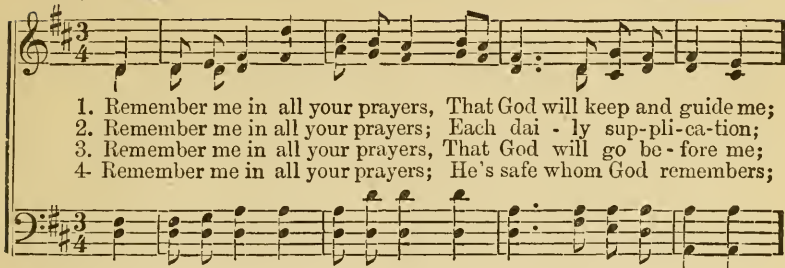


Let me call thee, Master, mine; Make me, keep me, Je - sus, thine.
 Let me call thee, Master, mine; Make me, keep me, Je - sus, thine.
 Let me call thee, Master, mine; Make me, keep me, Je - sus, thine.

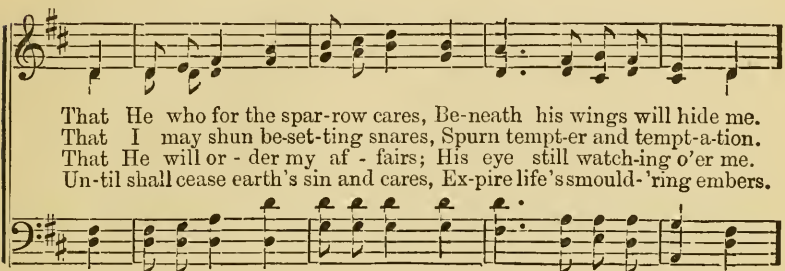
No. 112. Remember Me In All Your Prayers.

R. E. JEREMY.

M. SAMUELS.

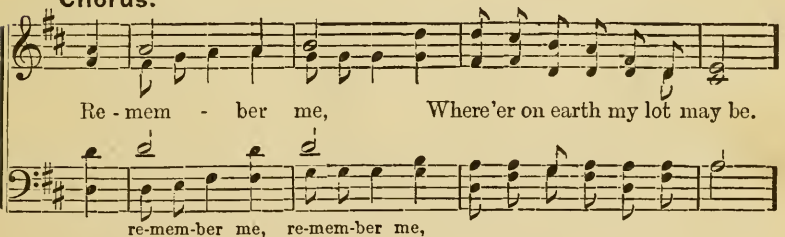


1. Remember me in all your prayers, That God will keep and guide me;
2. Remember me in all your prayers; Each dai - ly sup-pli-ca-tion;
3. Remember me in all your prayers, That God will go be - fore me;
4. Remember me in all your prayers; He's safe whom God remembers;

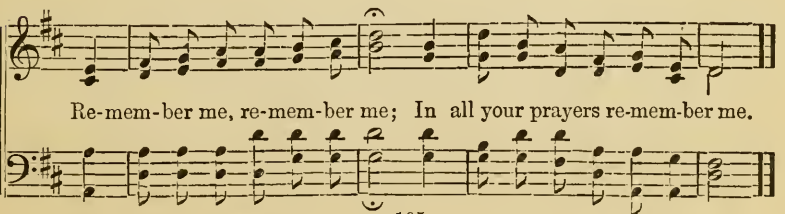


That He who for the spar-row cares, Be-neath his wings will hide me.
 That I may shun be-set-ting snares, Spurn tempt-er and tempt-a-tion.
 That He will or - der my af - fairs; His eye still watch-ing o'er me.
 Un-til shall cease earth's sin and cares, Ex-pire life's smould-'ring embers.

Chorus.



Re - mem - ber me, Where'er on earth my lot may be.
 re-mem-ber me, re-mem-ber me,



Re-mem-ber me, re-mem-ber me; In all your prayers re-mem-ber me.

No. 113. Heavenward Bound.

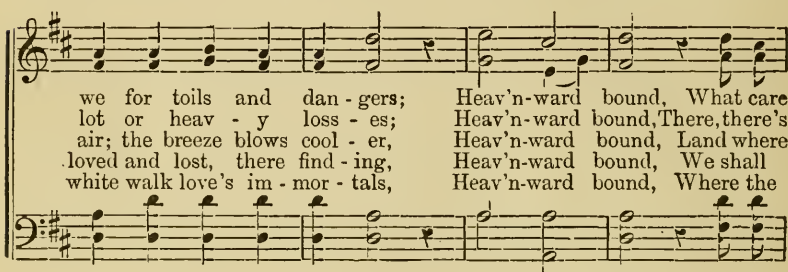
"They desire a better country, that is an heavenly."—HEB. xi. 16.

T. CORBEN, D. D.

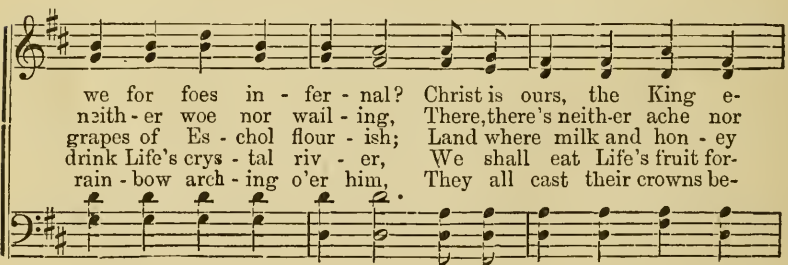
Rev S. MORRISON.



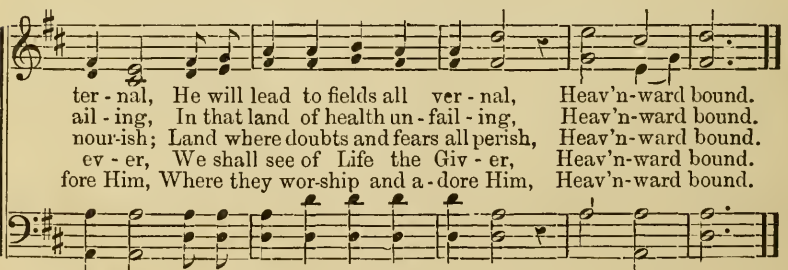
1. We are pil-grims here and strang-ers, Heav'n-ward bound, What care
 2. What care we for cares and cross-es? Heav'n-ward bound, Crook-ed
 3 We are near the land of Beu-lah, Heav'n-ward bound, Sweet the
 4. Soon our san-dals hot un-bind-ing, Heav'n-ward bound, Soon our
 5. We shall pass the gold-en por-tals, Heav'n-ward bound, Where in



we for toils and dan-gers; Heav'n-ward bound, What care
 lot or heav-y loss-es; Heav'n-ward bound, There, there's
 air; the breeze blows cool-er, Heav'n-ward bound, Land where
 loved and lost, there find-ing, Heav'n-ward bound, We shall
 white walk love's im-mor-tals, Heav'n-ward bound, Where the



we for foes in-fer-nal? Christ is ours, the King e-
 nith-er woe nor wail-ing, There, there's neith-er ache nor
 grapes of Es-chol flour-ish; Land where milk and hon-ey
 drink Life's crys-tal riv-er, We shall eat Life's fruit for-
 rain-bow arch-ing o'er him, They all cast their crowns be-



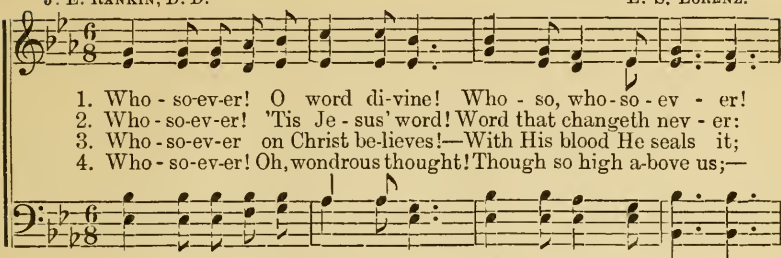
ter-nal, He will lead to fields all ver-nal, Heav'n-ward bound.
 ail-ing, In that land of health un-fail-ing, Heav'n-ward bound.
 nour-ish; Land where doubts and fears all perish, Heav'n-ward bound.
 ev-er, We shall see of Life the Giv-er, Heav'n-ward bound.
 fore Him, Where they wor-ship and a-dore Him, Heav'n-ward bound.

No. 114. Wondrous Whosoever.

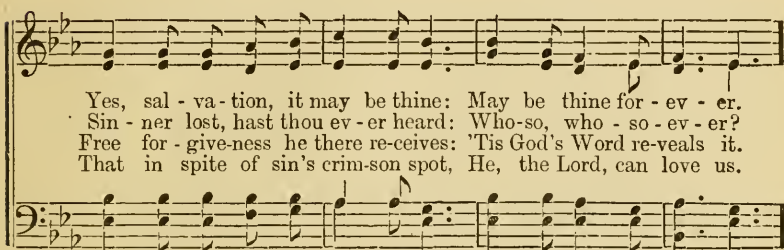
"Whosoever will, let him take the waters of life freely."—REV. xxii. 17.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

E. S. LORENZ.

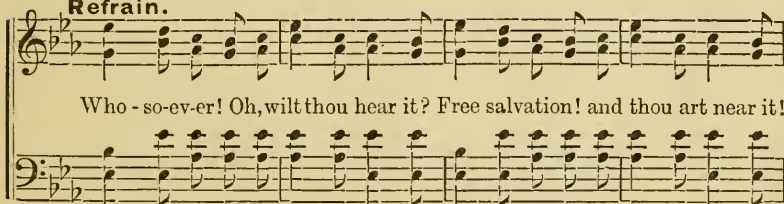


1. Who - so-ev-er! O word di-vine! Who - so, who-so-ev - er!
 2. Who - so-ev-er! 'Tis Je - sus' word! Word that changeth nev - er:
 3. Who - so-ev-er on Christ be-lieves!—With His blood He seals it;
 4. Who - so-ev-er! Oh, wondrous thought! Though so high a-bove us;—

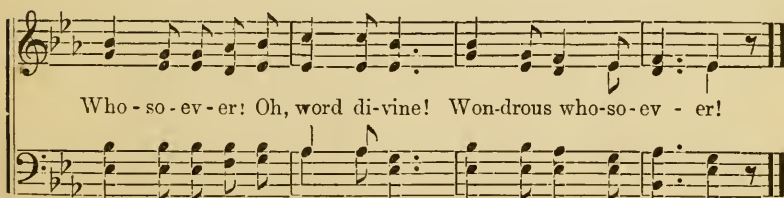


Yes, sal - va - tion, it may be thine: May be thine for - ev - er.
 Sin - ner lost, hast thou ev - er heard: Who-so, who - so - ev - er?
 Free for - give-ness he there re-ceive: 'Tis God's Word re-veals it.
 That in spite of sin's crim-son spot, He, the Lord, can love us.

Refrain.



Who - so-ev-er! Oh, wilt thou hear it? Free salvation! and thou art near it!



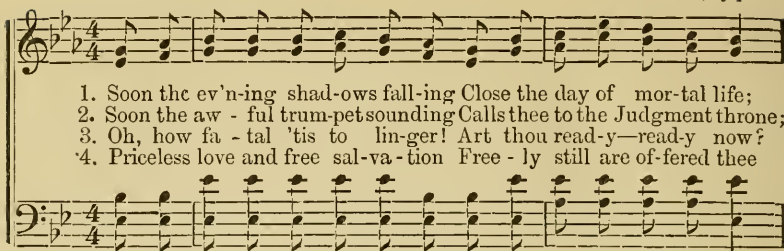
Who - so-ev-er! Oh, word di-vine! Won-drous who-so-ev - er!

No. 115. Art Thou Ready?

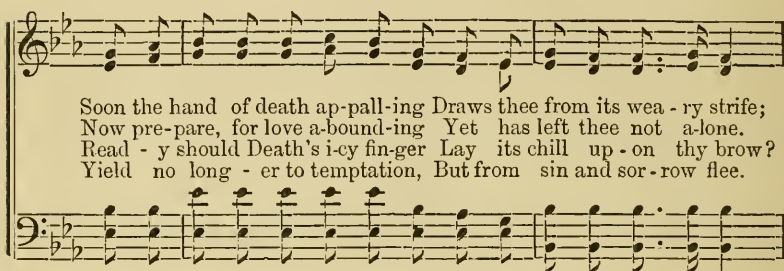
"Art thou ready?"—MATT. xxiv, 44.

J. W. SLAUGHENHAUPT.

E. S. LORENZ, by per



1. Soon the ev'n-ing shad-ows fall-ing Close the day of mor-tal life;
 2. Soon the aw - ful trum-petsounding Calls thee to the Judgment throne;
 3. Oh, how fa - tal 'tis to lin-ger! Art thou read-y—read-y now?
 4. Priceless love and free sal-va-tion Free - ly still are of-fered thee

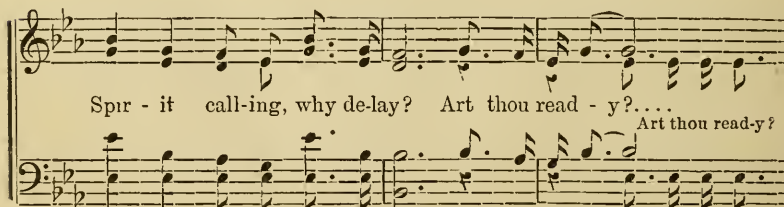


Soon the hand of death ap-pall-ing Draws thee from its wea - ry strife;
 Now pre-pare, for love a-bound-ing Yet has left thee not a-lone.
 Read - y should Death's i-cy fin-ger Lay its chill up - on thy brow?
 Yield no long - er to temptation, But from sin and sor-row flee.

Chorus.



Art thou read-y? art thou read-y? 'Tis the
 Art thou ready? art thou ready?



Spir - it call-ing, why de-lay? Art thou read - y?...
 Art thou read-y?

Art Thou Ready?—Concluded.

Art thou read-y?.... Do not lin-ger longer, come to-day.

Art thou read-y?

No. 116. A Few More Days.

"Neither shall there be any more pain."—REV. xxi. 4.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

WALTER N. RANKIN.

1. A few more days, and then night will be ov - er; A
2. A few more days, and then no more re - pin - ing, And
3. A few more days; be read - y for the tid - ings; The
4. A few more days, e'en so, come then, Lord Je - sus! A

few more toss-iugs on the bed of pain, And then the clouds which
sore - ly burden'd hearts no more will break, Where Je - sus is the
Bridegroom come-th; out to meet Him go; What then will be to
mo-ment's pang, life's chain is rent in twain! That mo-ment moults the

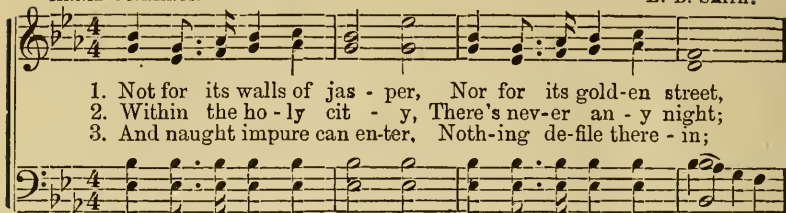
o'er us dark-ly hov-er, Shall be dis-pelled, not to re-tur-n a - gain.
Sun e - ter - nal shin-ing, He'll come, un - to Him-self His own to take.
thee these human chidings, These bitter cups, that thou shouldst dread them so?
spir-it's wing and frees us For aye from sin and sor-row, and from pain.

No. 117. 'Tis Jesus, Only Jesus.

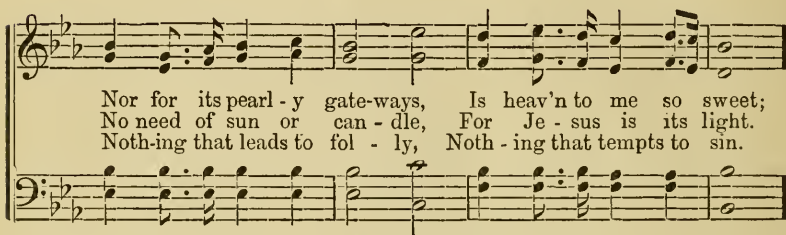
"Glorious things are spoken of thee."—Ps. lxxxvi, 3.

ANNIE CUMMINGS.

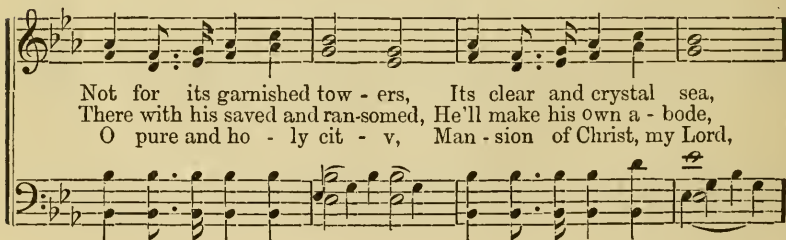
E. B. SMITH.



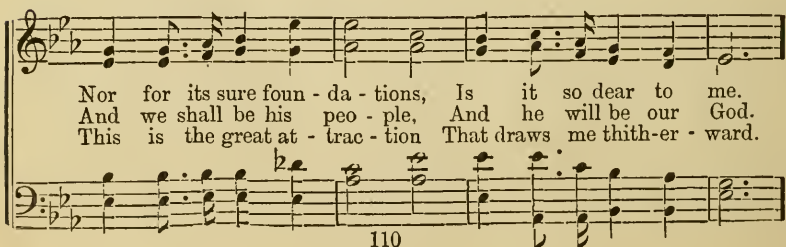
1. Not for its walls of jas - per, Nor for its gold-en street,
 2. Within the ho - ly cit - y, There's nev-er an - y night;
 3. And naught impure can en-ter, Noth-ing de-file there - in;



Nor for its pearl-y gate-ways, Is heav'n to me so sweet;
 No need of sun or can - dle, For Je - sus is its light.
 Noth-ing that leads to fol - ly, Noth - ing that tempts to sin.



Not for its garnished tow - ers, Its clear and crystal sea,
 There with his saved and ran-somed, He'll make his own a - bode,
 O pure and ho - ly cit - y, Man - sion of Christ, my Lord,



Nor for its sure foun - da - tions, Is it so dear to me.
 And we shall be his peo - ple, And he will be our God.
 This is the great at - trac - tion That draws me thith-er - ward.

Tis Jesus, Only Jesus--Concluded

Chorus.

'Tis Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, Oh, pur-est, sweet-est bliss!

We then shall look on Je-sus, And see him as he is.

No. 118. Webb. 7s & 6s.

1. The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2. See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

S. F. SMITH.

No. 119. Varina. C. M. D.

1. There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.
2. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between,
Could we but stand where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

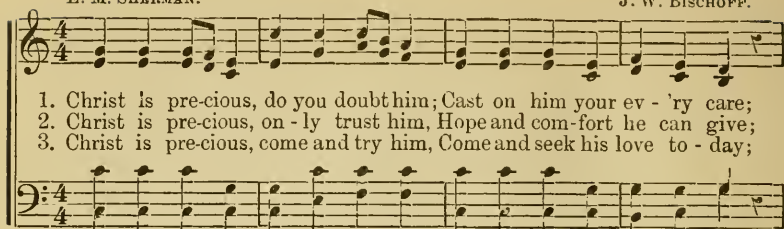
WATTS.

No. 120. Christ is Precious.

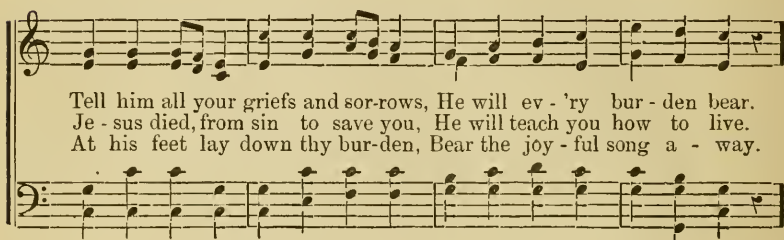
"Unto you therefore which believe, He is precious." —1 PETER ii. 7.

E. M. SHERMAN.

J. W. BISCHOFF.

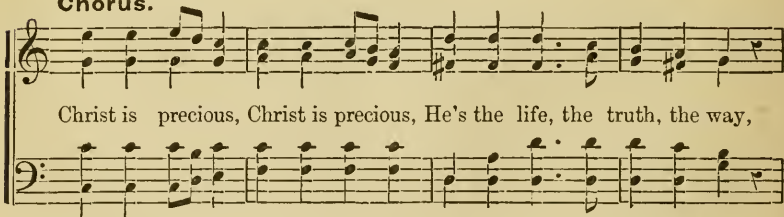


1. Christ is pre-cious, do you doubt him; Cast on him your ev - 'ry care;
 2. Christ is pre-cious, on - ly trust him, Hope and com-fort he can give;
 3. Christ is pre-cious, come and try him, Come and seek his love to - day;



Tell him all your griefs and sor-rows, He will ev - 'ry bur - den bear.
 Je - sus died, from sin to save you, He will teach you how to live.
 At his feet lay down thy bur-den, Bear the joy - ful song a - way.

Chorus.



Christ is precious, Christ is precious, He's the life, the truth, the way,



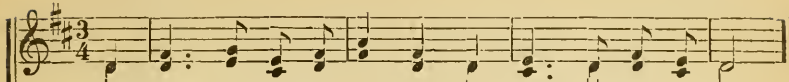
And his lov - ing arms a - bout me Fold me clos - er ev' - ry day.

No. 121. Remember Me.

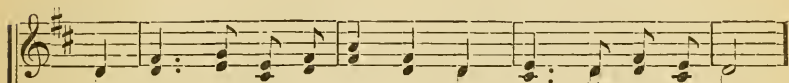
"Lord, remember me when thou comest unto thy kingdom."—LUKE xxiii, 42.

O. F. PRESBREY.

KARL REDEN.




1. Re - mem - ber, Lord, in mer - cy A sin - ner vile like me;
 2. Re - mem - ber me, when tempted, Be thou my strength, my shield;
 3. Re - mem - ber all my weak-ness, Give me the power to stand,
 4. Re - mem - ber me when dy - ing, O leave me not a - lone;
 5. Re - mem - ber me in glo - ry, And give me there a place



And send thy lov-ing Spir - it; Thy child I long to be.
 Help me to fight and con-quer; To Sa - tan nev - er yield.
 Safe on the Rock of Ag - es: Hold me in thy right hand.
 Send an - gels as an es - cort To guide my spir - it home.
 Where I may bow be-fore thee, For - ev - er see thy face.

Chorus.



Re - mem - ber me, re-mem-ber, Wash all my sins a - way.



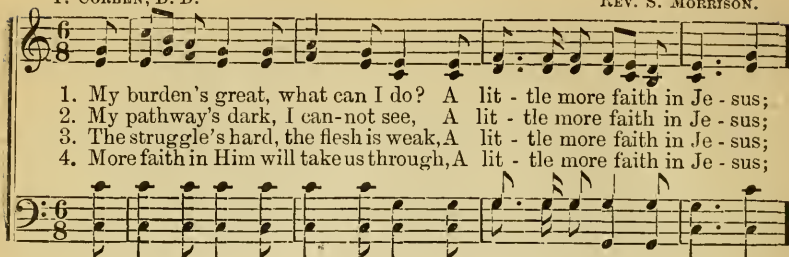
Be near me, O be near me; Lord help me ev'-ry day.

No. 122. A Little More Faith in Jesus.

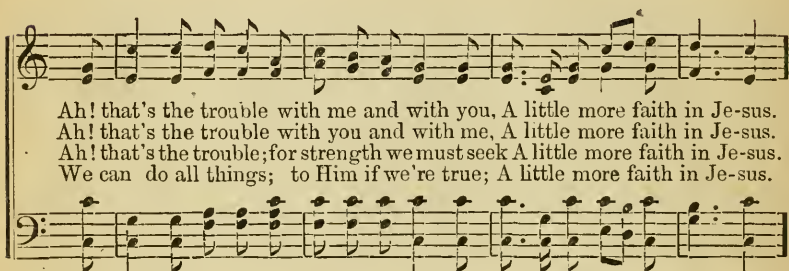
"If thou canst believe; all things are possible to him that believeth."—MARK ix. 22.

T. CORBEN, D. D.

REV. S. MORRISON.

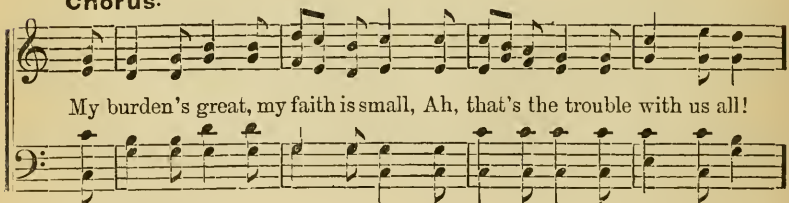


1. My burden's great, what can I do? A lit - tle more faith in Je - sus;
 2. My pathway's dark, I can-not see, A lit - tle more faith in Je - sus;
 3. The struggle's hard, the flesh is weak, A lit - tle more faith in Je - sus;
 4. More faith in Him will take us through, A lit - tle more faith in Je - sus;

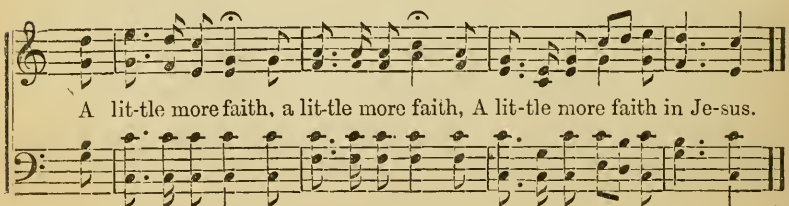


Ah! that's the trouble with me and with you, A little more faith in Je-sus.
 Ah! that's the trouble with you and with me, A little more faith in Je-sus.
 Ah! that's the trouble; for strength we must seek A little more faith in Je-sus.
 We can do all things; to Him if we're true; A little more faith in Je-sus.

Chorus.



My burden's great, my faith is small, Ah, that's the trouble with us all!



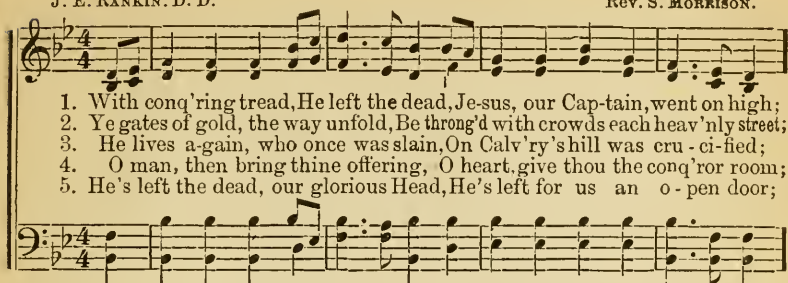
A lit-tle more faith, a lit-tle more faith, A lit-tle more faith in Je-sus.

No. 123. With Conq'ring Tread He Left the Dead.

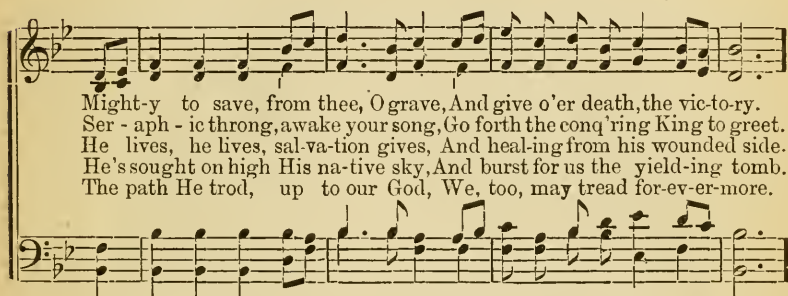
"Because it was not possible that he should be holden of it.—Acts ii. 24."

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

REV. S. MORRISON.

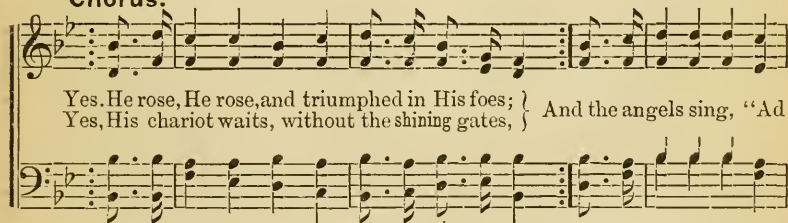


1. With conq'ring tread, He left the dead, Je-sus, our Cap-tain, went on high;
 2. Ye gates of gold, the way unfold, Be throng'd with crowds each heav'nly street;
 3. He lives a-gain, who once was slain, On Calv'ry's hill was cru-ci-fied;
 4. O man, then bring thine offering, O heart, give thou the conq'ror room;
 5. He's left the dead, our glorious Head, He's left for us an o-pen door;

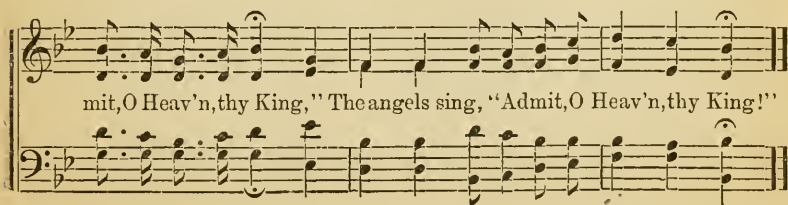


Might-y to save, from thee, O grave, And give o'er death, the vic-to-ry.
 Ser-aph-ic throng, awake your song, Go forth the conq'ring King to greet.
 He lives, he lives, sal-va-tion gives, And heal-ing from his wounded side.
 He's sought on high His na-tive sky, And burst for us the yield-ing tomb.
 The path He trod, up to our God, We, too, may tread for-ev-er-more.

Chorus.



Yes, He rose, He rose, and triumphed in His foes; }
 Yes, His chariot waits, without the shining gates, } And the angels sing, "Ad



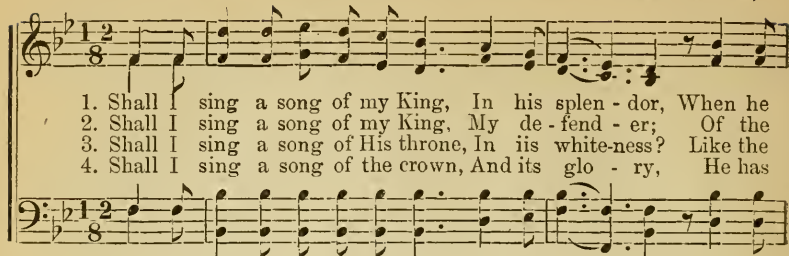
mit, O Heav'n, thy King," The angels sing, "Admit, O Heav'n, thy King!"

No. 124. I Will Sing of My King.

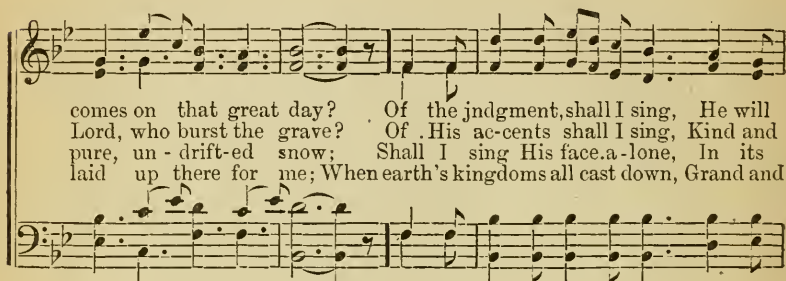
J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

"A song of my Beloved."—Is. v. 1.

J. W. BISCHOFF,

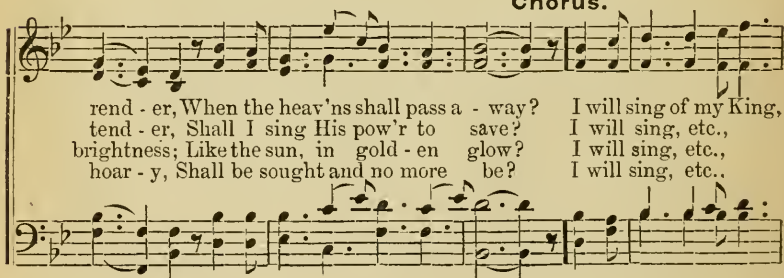


1. Shall I sing a song of my King, In his splen - dor, When he
 2. Shall I sing a song of my King, My de - fend - er; Of the
 3. Shall I sing a song of His throne, In iis white-ness? Like the
 4. Shall I sing a song of the crown, And its glo - ry, He has

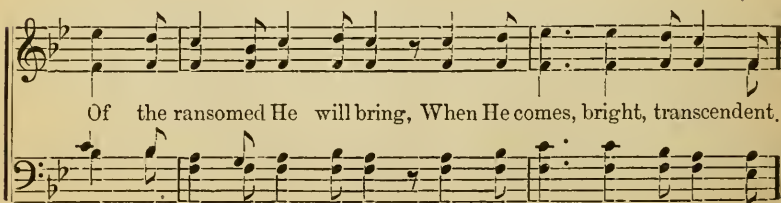


comes on that great day? Of the jndgment, shall I sing, He will
 Lord, who burst the grave? Of .His ac - cents shall I sing, Kind and
 pure, un - drift - ed snow; Shall I sing His face. a - lone, In its
 laid up there for me; When earth's kingdoms all cast down, Grand and

Chorus.

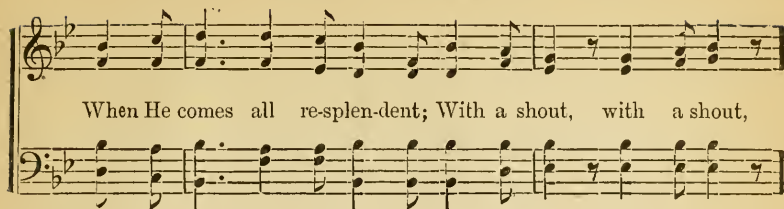


rend - er, When the heav'ns shall pass a - way? I will sing of my King,
 tend - er, Shall I sing His pow'r to save? I will sing, etc.,
 brightness; Like the sun, in gold - en glow? I will sing, etc.,
 hoar - y, Shall be sought and no more be? I will sing, etc.,

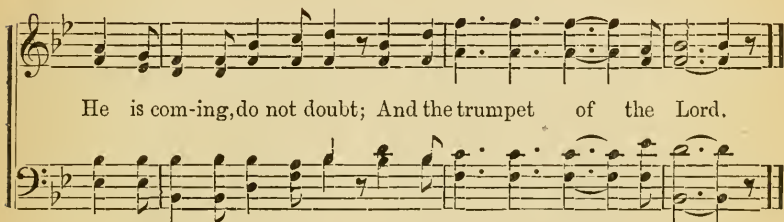


Of the ransomed He will bring, When He comes, bright, transcendent.

I Will Sing of My King---Concluded.

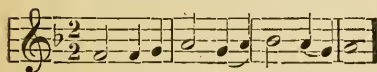


When He comes all re-splen-dent; With a shout, with a shout,



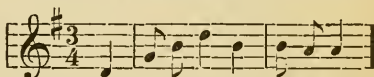
He is com-ing, do not doubt; And the trumpet of the Lord.

No. 125. Hamburg. L. M.



1. Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.
2. Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.
3. Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee I find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

No. 126. The Solid Rock. L. M. 6 lines.



1. My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.
2. When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.
3. His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in thewhelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

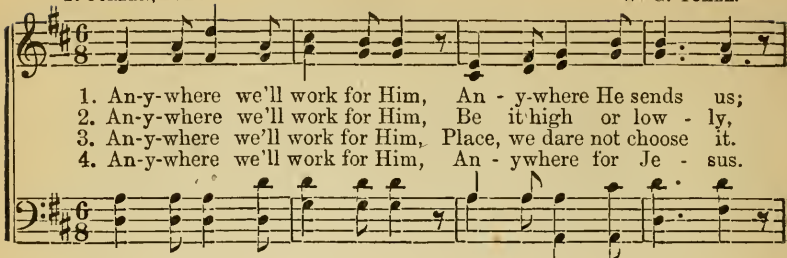
REV. EDWARD MOSE.

No. 127. Anywhere We'll Work for Him.

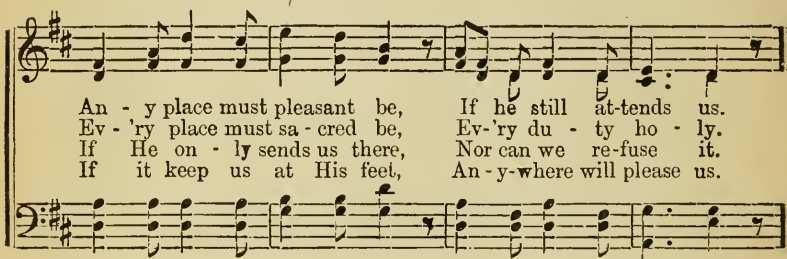
"Here I am, send me."—Is. vi. 8.

T. CORBEN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER.

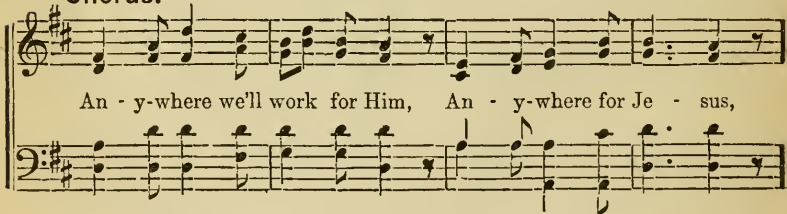


1. An-y-where we'll work for Him, An - y-where He sends us;
 2. An-y-where we'll work for Him, Be it high or low - ly,
 3. An-y-where we'll work for Him, Place, we dare not choose it.
 4. An-y-where we'll work for Him, An - y-where for Je - sus.

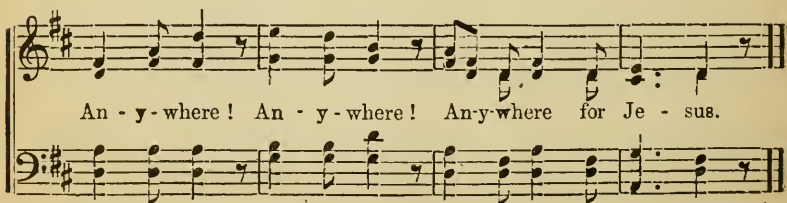


An - y place must pleasant be, If he still at-tends us.
 Ev - 'ry place must sa - cred be, Ev - 'ry du - ty ho - ly.
 If He on - ly sends us there, Nor can we re - fuse it.
 If it keep us at His feet, An - y-where will please us.

Chorus.



An - y-where we'll work for Him, An - y-where for Je - sus,



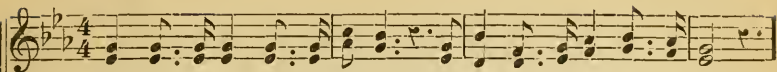
An - y-where ! An - y-where ! Any-where for Je - sus.

No. 128. What Shall I Do For the Master.

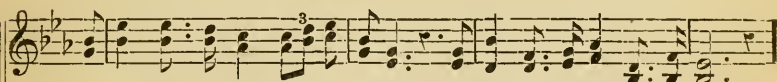
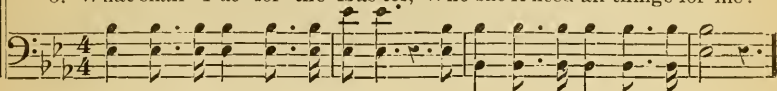
R. E. JEREMY.

"What shall I do, Lord?"—Acts xxii, 10..

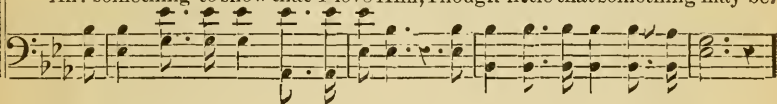
W. G. TOMER.



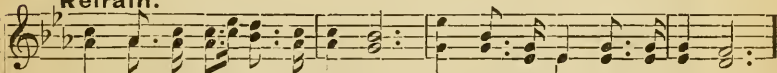
1. What shall I do for the Master? Some du-ty, O tell me, I pray:
2. Lord, send some an-gel to lead me, Some voice speak my spirit within:
3. Oh, heal thou my vision of blindness, Anoint thou mine eye, that I see,
4. On - ly some act of de-vo-tion, To show my-self loy-al to-day;
5. What shall I do for the Mas-ter, Who sac-ri-ficed all things for me?



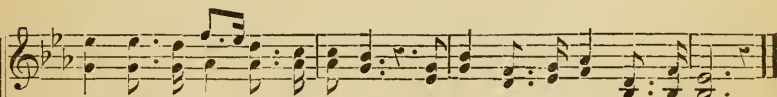
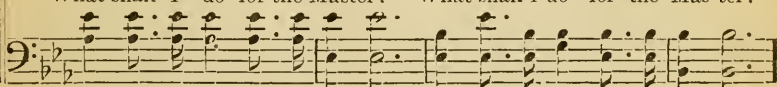
Some du - ty to show that I love Him, Still bet-ter than ev-er to-day.
 For, there where thy kingdom may need me, I seek thine approval to win.
 What I, for thy mer - cy and kindness, May do in return now for thee.
 To show 'tis no tran-sient e-mo-tion Now frit-tered and wasted away.
 Ah! something to show that I love Him, Though little that something may be.



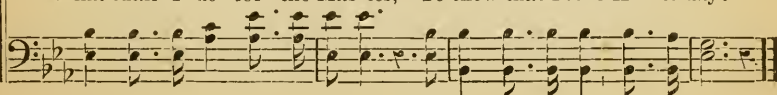
Refrain.



What shall I do for the Master? What shall I do for the Mas-ter?



What shall I do for the Mas-ter, To show that I love Him to-day?

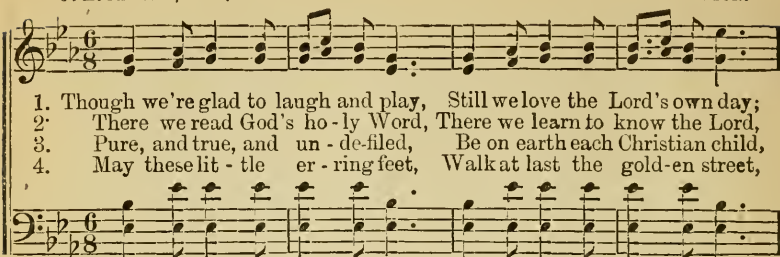


No. 129. Sweet, Sweet the Bells Ring.

"If thou call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord honorable."—Is. lviii. 13.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

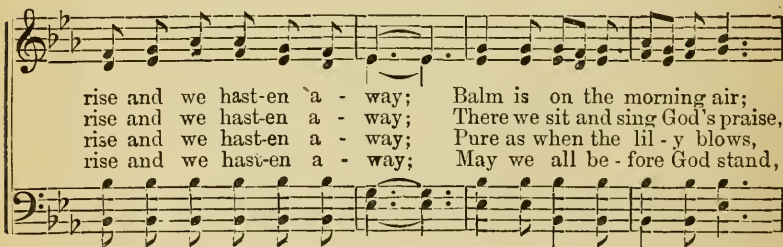
Rev. S. MORRISON.



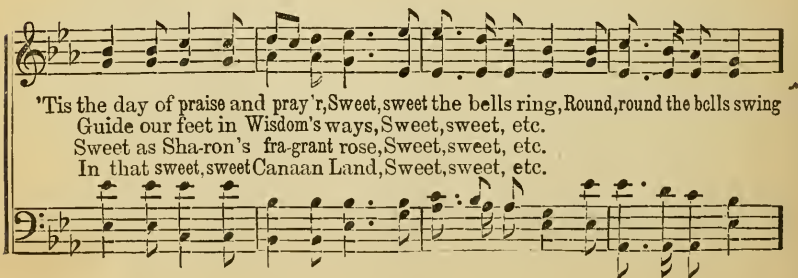
1. Though we're glad to laugh and play, Still we love the Lord's own day;
 2. There we read God's ho-ly Word, There we learn to know the Lord,
 3. Pure, and true, and un-de-filed, Be on earth each Christian child,
 4. May these lit-tle er-ring feet, Walk at last the gold-en street,



Sweet, sweet the bells ring, Round, round the bells swing, As we
 Sweet, sweet the bells ring, Round, round the bells swing, As we
 Sweet, sweet the bells ring, Round, round the bells swing, As we
 Sweet, sweet the bells ring, Round, round the bells swing, As we

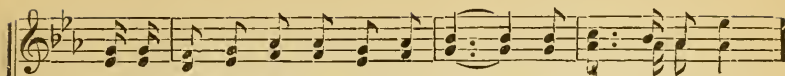


rise and we hast-en a-way; Balm is on the morning air;
 rise and we hast-en a-way; There we sit and sing God's praise,
 rise and we hast-en a-way; Pure as when the lil-y blows,
 rise and we hast-en a-way; May we all be-fore God stand,

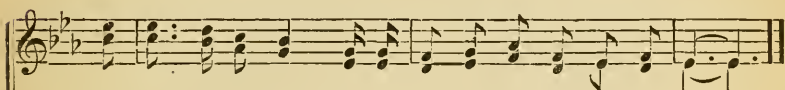
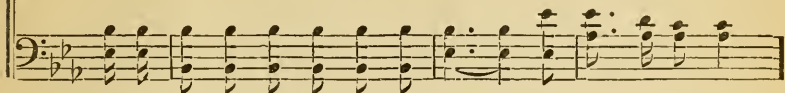


'Tis the day of praise and pray'r, Sweet, sweet the bells ring, Round, round the bells swing
 Guide our feet in Wisdom's ways, Sweet, sweet, etc.
 Sweet as Sha-ron's fra-grant rose, Sweet, sweet, etc.
 In that sweet, sweet Canaan Land, Sweet, sweet, etc.

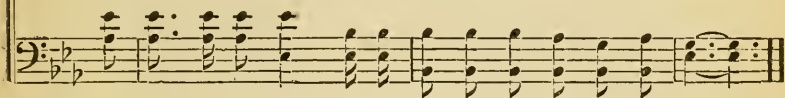
Sweet, Sweet the Bells Ring—Concluded.



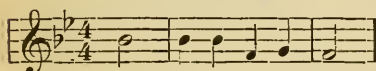
we rise and we hast - en a - way! Sweet, sweet the bells ring,



Round, round the bells swing, As we rise and we hast-en a - way-



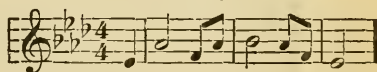
130. Lenox. H. M.



1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
2. Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits rest;
Ye mourning souls be glad;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
3. Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-aton-ing Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

TOPLADY.

131. Kentucky. S. M.



1. A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky.
2. To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill—
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.
3. Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live:
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
4. Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

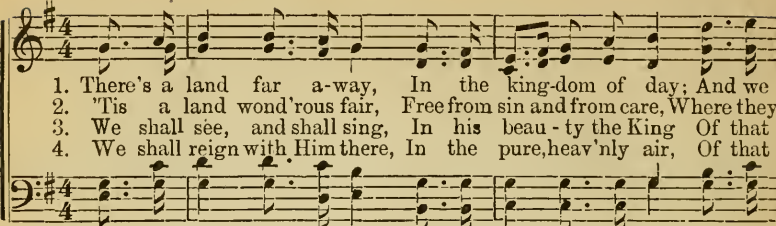
REV. C. WESLEY.

No. 132. Good Bye till We Meet.

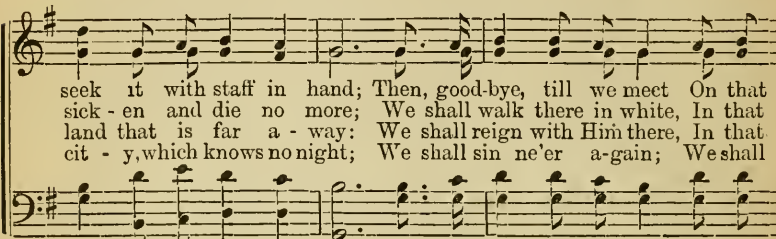
J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

"The land that is far off."—Is. xxxiii. 17.

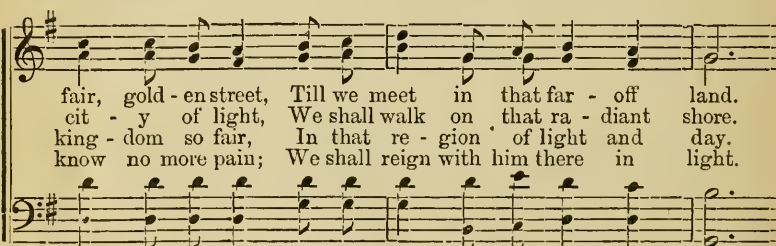
Rev. S. MORRISON.



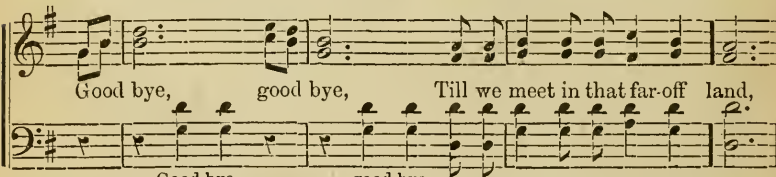
1. There's a land far a-way, In the king-dom of day; And we
 2. 'Tis a land wond'rous fair, Free from sin and from care, Where they
 3. We shall see, and shall sing, In his beau - ty the King Of that
 4. We shall reign with Him there, In the pure, heav'nly air, Of that



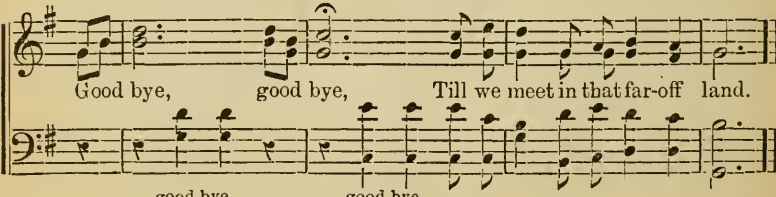
seek it with staff in hand; Then, good-bye, till we meet On that
 sick - en and die no more; We shall walk there in white, In that
 land that is far a - way: We shall reign with Him there, In that
 cit - y, which knows no night; We shall sin ne'er a-gain; We shall



fair, gold - en street, Till we meet in that far - off land.
 cit - y of light, We shall walk on that ra - dant shore.
 king - dom so fair, In that re - gion of light and day.
 know no more pain; We shall reign with him there in light.

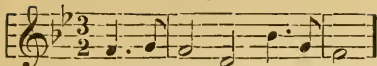


Good bye, good bye, Till we meet in that far-off land,
 Good bye, good bye,



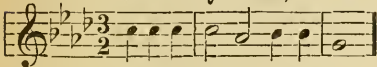
Good bye, good bye, Till we meet in that far-off land.
 good bye, good bye,

No. 133. Toplady. 7s, 6 lines,



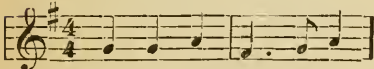
1. Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath and make me pure.
2. Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.
3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

No. 134. Missionary Chant, L. M.



1. Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.
3. And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more—
Meet with the blood-bought throng to
fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

No. 135. America. 6s & 4s.



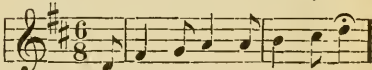
1. God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.
2. For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait:

Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

No. 136. Over There.

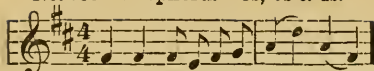
1. Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.
REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over
there.
3. Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have
trod,
Of the song that they breathe on the
air,
In their home in the palace of God.
3. My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are
at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care.
Let me fly to the land of the blest,
4. I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

No. 137. Sweet Hour of Prayer.



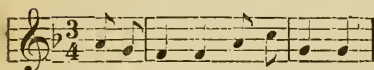
1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer;
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home, and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through
the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of
prayer.

No. 138. Shepherd. 8s, 7s & 4s.



1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tenderest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
2. We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear young children when they pray.

No. 139. Nettleton.



1. Come, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love!
2. O! to grace how great the debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

No. 140. Cleansing Wave.

1. Oh, now I see the cleansing wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side,
CHORUS.
The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and, oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me—yes, cleanseth me.
2. I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood;
It speaks! polluted nature dies!
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

No. 141. Joy to the World.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
2. No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

No. 142. The Race for Glory.

1. Awake my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
2. 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

No. 143. The Convert. 12s & 9s.

1. O how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.
2. That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the
Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received—
What a heaven in Jesus' name
3. 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore

No 144. Trusting.

1. I am coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.
CHORUS.
I am trusting, Lord in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.
2. Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly
store;
Soul and body, thine to be,—
Wholly thine forevermore

No. 145. Stockwell. 8s & 7s.

1. Silently the shades of evening
Gather round our chapel door;
Silently they bring before us
Faces we shall see no more.
2. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.
3. Oh, the lost, the unforgotten!
Though the world be oft forgot!
Oh, the shrouded and the lonely!
In our hearts they perish not.

No. 146. Retreat. L. M.

1. From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of glandess on our heads,
A place, than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
3. There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And Heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 147. Siloam. C. M.

1. By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the
Of Sharon's dewy rose! [hill,
2. Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod—
Whose secret heart, with influence
Is upward drawn to God. [sweet,
3. Oh, thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and
death,
To keep us still thine own.

No. 148. All Paid.

1. I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me thine all in all.
- CHORUS.
- Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe;
Sin hath left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.

2. For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim—

I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

3. When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

4. And when before the throne
I stand in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

No. 149. I Love to Tell the Story.

1. I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.
- CHORUS.
- I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love.

2. I love to tell the story:
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me,
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

No. 150. Olivet.

1. My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary:
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.
2. May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As thou hast died for me
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.
3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

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